THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIII. NO. 4. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1894.—THIRTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND'S TREASURES.

Contained in the Magnificent National Museum and Library Established in Dublin.

How the Law of Treasure Trove Deprived the Country of Many Glorious Relics of Departed Wealth and Glory.

DUBLIN, Jan. 11.—There is absolutely no political news of a domestic kind to be chronicled from here just now; except that Parnellites and McCarthyites, or as some call them, Whigs, are slapping one another in their respective organs as busily as ever. This miserable business, this split in the national ranks, is one of the worst things that ever happened for Ireland. If the American Irish do what is right, they will "stop the grog" completely, and not send a penny to either side until they cease abusing each other.

There is no hope of Wilson and the thirty-five men that were to have taken the South African king. They have evidently been all massacred. This South African war is a most disgraceful business, and I am glad to see that some of the German papers have spoken about it as the most cruel and wanton war that England ever waged. These are strange words, coming from the press of a country so friendly to England. It is a fact that outside of a supposed auriferous richness, the part of Africa where the fighting is going on, has nothing to recommend it. It is a tropical country abounding in fevers, where white men can never flourish or be healthy.

The terrible frost and snows that have recently been almost all over the continent of Europe, and which were very severe even in England, were very small affairs here. There were about three inches of snow that only lasted a day and a half, and not frost enough to make ice half an inch thick. Today is so warm that many porters and laborers are working without coats.

It is time that the readers of THE CITIZEN should hear something about the new Library and Museum of which mention has been made in a former letter. Like most of the other improvements that are needful in Ireland, the new Library and Museum in this city, owe their existence in no small degree to the National party, or at least the National idea. They are situated in Kildare street and form one of the most beautiful groups of public buildings in the world. I know of nothing in any city in Europe or America to exceed them in architectural beauty. Both the library and museum buildings are entirely new. Their style of architecture is Ionic. The museum is on the north side of a square, and the library on the south. Both buildings are exactly the same size, and are alike in every particular on the outside. There is only one drawback to the extreme beauty of the square in which they are situated, and that is the dingy appearance of the house once occupied by the Duke of Leinster, which forms the east side of the square in which the museum and library are built. This house has a dirty, dingy look, and the contrast between it and the two beautiful new buildings that stand on either side of it is very painful. A few pounds spent in cleaning up the face of this old house would make the square occupied by the Library and Museum, one of the most beautiful squares in the world. It is scandalous to have such gems of architecture as those two new, beautiful buildings that have been mentioned, marred by a dirty old house standing between them. If the Dublin corporation does not try and bring some influence to bear to have the Duke of Leinster's old house renovated, they will give visitors an opportunity of saying that they are neglecting something which they should attend to.

Immediately at the back of the square where the Library and Museum stand, is the square containing the Art Gallery and Natural History Museum, in which skeletons of almost every bird, beast, and reptile that ever inhabited this planet may be seen. The square on which the Art Gallery and Natural History Museum stand is generally known as Leinster Lawn. It was on this square the Exhibition of 1852 was held, or as it sometimes called, Dargan's Exhibition, for it was Dargan who was mainly instrumental in getting it up. The buildings on Leinster Lawn are much older than those in the Library square; they were erected some twenty odd years ago. They are not nearly of such architectural beauty as the ones I have described; they are, however, very graceful buildings, and form one of the most attractive sights in this now wondrously beautiful city. Taking the Library, Museum, Art Gallery and Natural History Museum all together, I know of nothing in any city of Europe or America that can excel them in beauty of design, chasteness of architecture, or value and interest of the treasures they contain. When the old house of the Duke of Leinster that stands between the two squares is renovated, Dublin will be able to boast of the possession of public buildings of an esthetic class, equal at least to anything of their kind in the world. The visitor from America must not expect to see in them the vast size of the capitol at Washington, or of the courthouse at Chicago. Size does not constitute beauty. The Dublin art buildings are not large, but in beauty of architecture, and in general design, they cannot be exceeded anywhere.

One of the new buildings is entirely devoted to the library. I know of no public library in America so well arranged or so commodious as it. To gain admission as a reader, one must procure a reader's ticket. Any person of good character can get a reader's ticket without any difficulty. Not only are pens and ink provided for the readers, but blotting paper also. There are book stands opposite every seat, so that one need not have to hold up, or bend over, a heavy volume. I cannot say how many volumes the library contains, but books of reference of almost all kinds and in nearly every language, can be had in it. It is called the National Library.

The museum is, however, the great attraction of Dublin. It is really very fine, and every Irishman should feel proud of it notwithstanding that the arrangement of it is by no means complete; but worse yet is the fact that the part devoted to Irish antiquities is not by any means what it should be. The hall devoted to them is not much more than half large enough; consequently hundreds of articles of great value and interest are shut up in drawers and boxes for want of space to show them, and very many articles of pure Irish origin, such as casts of old crosses, bell-shrines, stones with ogam inscriptions on them, etc, etc, are mixed with Indian pictures, arms, and works of art. This is a shame; but as the internal arrangements of the museum are yet far from being completed, it is to be hoped that the department of Irish antiquities will soon be better disposed. If it is not, the Nationalists will only have to take the matter in hands, and kick up a row in parliament about it.

Incomplete as the arrangement of the Irish antiquity department is, it is yet a wondrous showing. No nation in the world but Italy can boast of a collection of antiquities so fine; but Italy would not beat it were it not for the catastrophe that buried Herculænium and Pompeii, and preserved for future ages almost all that was precious in the way of art in two rich Roman cities; but there are works of ancient Irish art preserved in this museum that far outshine anything rescued from the ruins of Pompeii. The Tara brooch is the most wondrously beautiful ornament ever wrought by the hands of man. Scores of other articles, some ornamental, some military, some domestic, and some connected with Christian cults, are almost as beautiful in their own way as the Tara brooch is as a work of ornament. The quantity of ornaments made of pure gold found in Ireland is astonishing. More antique gold ornaments have been found in Ireland than in any other country in the world; but unfortunately the museum here hardly possesses the one-hundredth part of them. Some few are still extant in the hands of private individuals, but the greater part of them have long ago been melted down, and wrought into modern ornaments. The law of "treasure trove" was so strict in Ireland, and so well enforced, that those who found ancient gold ornaments were afraid to make the finding of them public, as the man who owned the land on which they were found could claim the treasure trove, and could get it, no matter to whom it might be sold; consequently, those who found ancient ornaments either of gold or silver, almost invariably took them to some jeweler, and sold them sometimes for about one-tenth of their value rather than run the risk of keeping them, lest the landlord on whose property they were found, should hear of the find and claim it. The Tara brooch was found by an old woman on the strand, or seashore, somewhere near the mouth of the Boyne. I believe it could not be learned from her on whose land it was found; she placed little value on it, for it was all rusty and dirty; she thought the gold ornamentation on it was nothing but brass, and she sold it in Drogheda for ten pence! I cannot find out from whom the Royal Irish Academy bought it, only that they gave £750 for it, or about $3,750! The chalice of Ardagh was found in the county Limerick about twenty-five years ago by a woman who was digging in her potato patch. She had only about three acres of ground. Like a fool as she was, she took it to her landlord; he allowed her half a year's rent for it, or about £2. What the Academy gave for it, I don't know exactly, but it certainly was not less than £100 or £150. As a work of art, it is one of the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world, and very nearly equals the Tara broach. It is a large steel cup for sacrificial purposes, ornamented with gold filagree work of the most beautiful kind. I hear that models of it, of the Tara brooch and the cross of Cong were exhibited in Chicago at the Columbian Exposition, so that some of the readers of THE CITIZEN may have had the pleasure of seeing them. The chalice of Ardagh was probably hidden where it was found in order to prevent it from falling into the hands of the marauding Danes.

The display of antique Irish ornaments in gold, silver and bronze is enormous. Gold *mins* or diadems, bracelets, brooches, pins, belts and scores of articles in the precious metals, the use of which cannot be known, is so large that it would take some days to examine them all thoroughly. But it is the display of ancient weapons that is really bewildering. Swords, spear-heads and battle-axes, all in bronze, take up case after case. Nothing can exceed the beauty of design and excellence of workmanship displayed in those weapons. Sam Lover said of the bronze spears that "they were chaste and beautiful enough to have armed the hand of Minerva." Those bronze weapons may be said to be all pre-historic, for bronze for weapons was superseded by iron many centuries before Christ. It may safely be said that those bronze weapons average three thousand years old. The reason why bronze weapons have been found so much more frequently than those made of iron or steel, is because bronze does not rust, whereas iron or steel will in most instances be entirely destroyed by rust in a few years. The only way that iron or steel is preserved is putting it in a bog, or in running water. I saw an iron sword here a few days ago that is supposed to be two thousand years old, and it is as sound as it was the day it was made; but it was found in a bog, fourteen feet under the surface. They have an iron or steel sword at the museum here that was found in the little river, Inncoire, in Westmeath. This river's name, strange to say, has been unknown for over two hundred years, but I found out its real name lately both from the Four Masters and the Book of Leinster. It rises about a mile from Moat, and falls into the Inny near Ballymahon, in the county Longford. The sword that was found in it is one of the grandest weapons I ever saw. It seems to be steel; is exactly a yard in length, and like the sword found in the bog, is as perfect as it was when made. The wood of the handle, or hilt, is gone, but the iron part of the handle, around which the wood was, remains. It is double-edged, perfectly straight, with a blade fully three inches wide. The strangest things about old swords are the enormous pommels they had, quite different from the swords used by the Romans of old. The pommel, or guard, at the end of the handle, is of solid iron, and must weigh nearly a pound. This was to prevent the weapon from being snatched out of the hand, for the curved guard over the handle of modern swords, and which is seen most perfectly on a Scotch claymore, is never seen on ancient swords of any kind. It seems to me that a straight, double-edged sword like this one must have been a more effective weapon than a sword of modern make, and much less easily broken. A modern sword is thickest at the back, whereas the sword I am describing is thickest in the middle, and consequently better able to resist a blow on the side. Antique iron swords are very rare for the reason mentioned. It is only in a bog or in running water that iron or steel lasts. In earth, whether damp or dry, it rusts in almost no time.

The books and manuscripts belonging to the Irish Academy have not been removed to the new building where the antique Irish ornaments, weapons, etc., are; they remain in the old place in Dawson street. There are yet in it about thirteen hundred volumes of Gaelic manuscripts, very few of which have been translated. They are from three hundred to nearly a thousand years old. The most noteworthy accession that has been made of late years to the Irish manuscript department is the celebrated Stowe Missal. It was purchased recently by the government at a sale of Lord Ashburnham's manuscripts. No less than £45,000 was given for the lot, and the Stowe Missal is by far the most valuable of them. It is a small, dirty looking little book of less [illegible] hundred pages in Latin and [illegible] its great antiquity that give [illegible] value. It belonged to Donagh O'Brien, King of Munster, and son of Brian Boramha. He had a gorgeous shrine of silver made for it, which has also been preserved. It could hardly have been less than four or five hundred years old in the time of Donagh O'Brien. It has been recently translated by Dr. MacCarthy, of Mitchelstown, County Cork. He says it is the oldest missal in the west of Europe, or probably in the world.

The Irish academy and museum should be visited by every Irishman who comes from far-off lands to see the land of his birth. No institution of any kind that was ever established on Irish soil has done as much good work for Ireland as the Irish academy has. It has preserved remains of ancient Irish culture and civilization which, only for it, would have long ago been lost without the remotest hope of ever being recovered. It has published hundreds of volumes of Gaelic literature that but for it, would never have seen the light. There is, in fact, no other institution in Ireland of which all right minded Irishmen should feel so proud. It is besides entirely non-sectarian. Catholic priests and Protestant clergymen are members of it, and it is a real honor to be a member of such a patriotic and national institution. Visitors will find in Maj. McHenry, who has charge of the department of Irish antiquities, and in Mr. McSweeney, who has charge of the library, two gentlemen who willingly do everything in their power to explain everything connected with the rare treasures of literature and art that are under their charge.

T. O. R.

ENTERTAINMENT.

A musical and dramatic entertainment will be given at Apollo Hall, 262 Blue Island avenue, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 31, to aid Bro. Aiden Ryan, C.S.S.P., in his well-deserving mission, in representing the Order of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the education to the priesthood of the poor boys of Ireland, Archdiocese, Casbel, Ireland. Following is the programme:

Solo.....Selected
Mrs. M. O'Leary.
Trombone Solo.....
Mr. Rome O'Connell.
Solo.....Bells of Shandon"
Mr. John Phelan.
Scene from IVth act of Leah, "The Forsaken"
Miss Lizzie Upton and J. Stanley Davies.
Soprano Solo.....Magnetic Waltz Song"
Miss Genevieve Longevin.
Recitation.....
James Campbell.
Quartette.....
Russell Brothers.
Piano and Mandolin Solo.....
Miss Nellie and Thomas Fitzgibbons.
Comedy.....Entitled "Turnover
James McElherne.
Tenor Solo.....Selected
Robert Harty.
Celebrated Irish jig dancer from the World's Fair.

The entertainment will conclude with a military drama, in one act, entitled "Midnight Watch," given by the De Sota Club, with the following cast of characters:

Perrie Delaroche.....M. W. Gleason
Antoine Duval.....T. T. Loomis
Co Co.....R. T. Morrison
Adjutant.....John Herbert
First Soldier.....Mr. Bowen
Second Soldier.....W. Simpson
Labarre.....Mr. Tindell
Pauline.....Miss Kathryn Ryan
Minette.....Miss Edna Crawford

Mr. Bernard Daly, Ballinrobe, has been raised to the commission of the peace for the county Mayo.

THE BROTHERS' SCHOOLS.

A Correspondent Says They Are the Bulwark of National Spirit In Ireland.

Irish History, Music and Literature Taught and Sustained by the Pious Instructors.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—In last week's issue of your paper, there is this statement from a correspondent—"E. D.:"

"Let me add that the books used in the Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland, are no better, from a national standpoint. I had a full experience in the National, Model National and Christian Brothers' schools in Ireland. Not a word of picturesque, historic or national interest is to be found in these books."

Believe me, that in replying to "E.D.," I am not actuated by a desire for argument or contradiction. I do not care how heavy he lays the whip on the backs of the mis-called National and Model National (whatever that may mean) systems of education in Ireland, but when he classes the text books of the Brothers' schools in Ireland, and says that they do not give any historical information, any more than those of the Irish-English National spstem, I feel bound to tell him that it is very doubtful if he ever attended the Christian Brothers' schools, and if he did he never rose higher than the primary grade there.

And so the Brothers teach no history? I answer that even in teaching geography—the geography of Ireland—a love for Ireland was sought to be conveyed, and the names of important places and events fixed in the young mind. Let me illustrate: In a foot note to Kilialoe we get this information: "Near Killaloe stood the ancient Kincora, the palace of Brian Boru, and his immediate successors." After Thurles we read, "Ancient seat of the Kings of Munster." After Killala we read, "Landing of the French, 1798." After Dungannon we read, "[illegible] of the Volunteers, 1782." After [illegible]im and Cavan we read, "The [illegible] of Leitrim and Cavan, with part of Fermanagh, comprised the ancient Breffail, the chief lords of which were the O'Rourkes, a name forever memorable in the annals of Irish history." We were told how Charleville lost its beautiful Irish name; we were told that Cluin-mac-noise meant the "retreat of the sons of the noble;" we were told near what towns the mines were situated; and at the close of that portion of the geography dealing with Ireland, we find these words, oh, so true: "Of the Irish it may be truly said that their virtues are their own, while many of their faults may be traced to the wayward circumstances under which they have been placed." It is not to the geography of the Brothers that I alone desire to draw attention. "The Brothers teach no history!" Was not "O'Neill Daunt's Catechism of Irish History," placed in our hands before we were 10 years of age? And the reading books—the third and fourth—did they tell us nothing of our country, of her glories, of her sorrows, of her struggles, of her hopes for the future? Who that ever had the third reader in his hands, did not feel every drop of Irish blood bounding in him at the lesson upon the siege of Limerick? The gallant Sarsfield was our hero, and as we followed him through Silvermines, and saw him steal upon the sleeping convoy at Ballyneety, did we not cry out as the sentinel challenged for the word, "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man!" and how proudly the black-robed brother looked upon us. In the fourth reader—or book—as we used to call it, is there any other subject held up oftener before us than Ireland? You have there selections from Curran, from Edmund Burke, from Sheridan, from Moore, from Griffin, from Petrie, from Kane's Industrial Ireland, from the black-hearted bigot, MacCaulay, in which he admits the wrong done Ireland; from the sweet singer, Denis Florence McCarthy, and, the very last lesson in the book is, I believe, an extract from a lecture on Ireland by the scholarly French Bishop Dupanloup. Leaving the readers behind us, what have we to say for the "Historical Class Book?" Were not the principal events in our country's checkered story told in language which still charms us? And that we might not forget the Yellow Ford, were not these lines introduced at the end of a page:

"His veteran troops in the foreign wars tried,
Their faces how bronzed and how haughty their stride,
Step steadilyon, it was thrilling to see,
That thunder-cloud glooming o'er Bael on a bwee?"

And in another of their books do you not find these words? "Ignorance of Homer, Euclid and Rossini is less reproachful than ignorance of history; it confines the sphere of our observation to our native county or thereabouts; and it confounds that familiarity with current events, which is obtained from the newspapers, with general information. To speak plainly, those who neglect the study of history discard one of the most essential acquisitions of a lady or a gentleman. But if history should be cultivated, even as a mere accomplishment, we ought not allow that of other countries to supersede our own. With regard to Ireland, its story has till lately attracted little general attention even at home. The history of Ireland, however, though not showy, is intrinsically as interesting and instructive as that of any modern nation in Europe." Does this look as if the Brothers taught no history? There is hardly a Brothers' school in Ireland which has not a good library attached. Are the histories kept out of them? Will you look in vain for the melodies of Moore, the strains of the gentle Griffin, or the stirring ballads of Davis among the well-stocked shelves? The "Story of Ireland" was placed in my hands by a Christian Brother before I had reached the age of 12. More than twenty years have gone over my head since then, and I can yet feel an interest in that illustrated page—picturesque if you like—where Silken Thomas, Thomans na Sheeda—flings down the sword of office. Young as we were, we could not help feeling a regret that this action was not prompted by pure patriotism. Like all the actions of the great Pale lords, private gain, and not love for Ireland, prompted their opposition to England. Catholics though they were, and by marriage and many other ties connected with the most powerful of the Irish chieftains, yet do we not find them almost always throwing their influence against the struggle of the Irish people for freedom? Shane O'Neill—Shane the Proud—defied the power of England for more than twenty years; and at last when the Deputy Sydney marched against Ulster on a "hoisting" at the head of a combined English and Irish force, we find the "Cawtholic" earls of Desmond, Kildare, Howth and Louth, the Lord Fitzmaurice and the White Knight, and the barons of Dunboyne, Coraghmore and Trimbleston enrolled against "The O'Neill" under the banner of England. Even then he would have been a match for them all, but treachery was at work, and those powerful lords, who, united, could have saved Ireland, succeeded in detaching his able kinsman, Lynaght, from his cause. Oh, the cruel, secret, crafty, far-reaching policy of English dealings with Ireland! Always trembling for fear of a united Ireland, her policy has been from the landing of Strongbow until this very hour—divide that you may conquer. One chieftain was used to beat another down, and the survivors were then charged with "rebellion." When at last Proud Shane fell in 1567, and his poor head was spiked on Dublin Castle, who rejoiced any more than did those Anglo-Irish lords? The "safety of the realm" was secured. Sixteen years afterwards, 1583, we find the great Earl of Desmond, hunted as a wild beast, and at length flung headless into his bloody grave in an obscure Irish glen, while his head went to decorate the parapet of London Bridge. Only three years later, 1586, a vile association, called a parliament, declared his vast possessions, almost 600,000 acres in Munster, confiscated to the Crown, and the same sold for three pence per acre to English undertakers, on condition of not letting to Irish tenants. And in order to be able to carry out these conditions, an English army of cutthroats was let loose upon Munster to carry fire and sword wherever they went. So well did they succeed, that the poet, Spenser, gives us a terrible picture of the ruin they wrought. "They spared neither horn nor corn, nor left roof tree upstanding, and so rueful the sight, that no man may look on it with a dry eye. The miserable people crawl forth from the glens and caves on their knees, for their legs will not support them. They speak like anatomies from the grave. They crawl to a bunch of water cresses as to a feast. Happy are they when they can find carrion; yea, they did dig the dead from their graves with their fingers and devour them." Do not think that the poetic soul of this arch-demon was touched by the misery he saw, for he immediately adds that by burning what little was left, and destroying what crops had been planted that year, a complete famine was sure to come, and then "the people would eat one another." Who wrecked the Confederation of Kilkenny? The Catholic lords of the Pale. And were the Christian Brothers not careful to put Father Meehan's "Confederation of Kilkenny" into our hands? Even a head line in the writing books told us about the "Battle of Clontarf, Good Friday, 1014."

Has "E. D." ever attended a singing class as conducted by the Christian Brothers? Has he ever attended any of their entertainments? If he has, he knows that they do not go into the concert halls for their music or songs. The deathless melodies of Moore were given first place; and the first time I ever heard "Erin the Tear and the Smile in Thy Eye" sung, was at one of those gatherings, by a Christian Brother. God be with you tonight, Brother Stanislaus, wheresoever you are. Never were you more supremely happy than when you had your singing class joining in the chorus of "God Save Ireland," or you sang for us "The Minstrel Boy," or you picked out one of our number to sing "Come, Tell Me, Shawn O'Farrell." How proudly the fire of patriotism burned in you when turning towards the door you said: "A government inspector, thank God, cannot cross the threshold of that door, and question us as to the system of education we give our boys. We live by charity and the sale of our books, and we derive nothing from the government of England."

I feel that already I have drawn out this letter to too great a length, and beg pardon for it. However, I could not bear to see the Christian Brothers of Ireland included with that West British affair called the National School System of Education, and not speak a word for them. "E.D." has the advantage over me in having "a full experience in the National, Model National and Christian Brothers' schools." I never darkened the door of either National or Model National schools. I very much dislike to use a personality of any kind, and above all to hurt, in the slightest manner, his feelings, which, I am sure, are patriotic enough; but I cannot help telling him that the foundation of whatever education I possess, was laid by the Christian Brothers, and I glory in the history of my country which they taught me.

T. J. F.

A FRENCH VIEW OF GLADSTONE'S CAREER.

Mr. Gladstone's 84th birthday did not pass over unnoticed in Paris. A number of his admirers there who entertained him some few years ago at a banquet have severally addressed their congratulations to him on the promise given of his hale health and of his living happily through future birthdays. The *Debats* devotes its leading article to the present birthday, which it thinks should be a day of truce for party quarrels. It gives an outline of Mr. Gladstone's marvelous public career which began sixty-one years ago, and became an official career fifty-nine years back, when he was only 25. "What a deal of history," it remarks, "has been packed into that one life! But the most amazing aspect of that life has been its evolution. It may be said that in evolving and widening out that life kept pace with the growth of the country. England in 1834 was well represented by the Peel cabinet. Mr. Gladstone was in the narrow Toryism of that ministry. He evolved into Liberalism in his prime, and now is almost a Radical. The experience of the first ten years of his public career brought him from old world Protection to Free Trade. Nobody worked harder for the abolition of the Corn Laws and Liberalism in the sphere of economical interests. The principle of growth was so strong in him and in the country he belongs to that the author of the work published in 1838 to defend the Established church and the High church party demanded in less than twenty years from that date the admission of the Hebrews into parliament and in thirty years later the disestablishment of the Episcopal church in Ireland. He is now coming forward to liberate Wales from Episcopal establishment and to stir up the parishes of England to new life. The means he proposes for the attainment of this object are the Parish councils.

After touching on Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, which is simply to bring Ireland into harmonious relations with Great Britain, through a just recognition of Irish feelings and desires instead of through coercion, the *Debats* asks: "What measure could better end his glorious career than that of Home Rule?" It also remarks that no one can [illegible] from those who brought him up and educated him. They were home-made and Oxford-made, but when his reason grew he sifted them in it, and dropped all those which it rejected. Being sincere, upright and religious, he was able to say "mea culpa," and to fight with passion the principles of his youth because he ceased to regard them as true.

The *Debats* also gives a feuilleton by M. Leroy-Beaulieu, of which Mr. Gladstone is the subject. The writer observes that nothing is less frequent than the application of the moral law to politics. The political man somehow manages not to let his conscience stand in his way. This is not less generally true in England than in France; but Mr. Gladstone seems to M. Leroy-Beaulieu to be an exception. He has constantly striven to bring his politics into conformity with his high moral ideal. No statesman ever had a stronger or steadier impulse to aim high in his public actions. It would be vain to seek for cant or hypocrisy in the morality of Mr. Gladstone. The practice of a high morality is one of the requirements of his Christian conscience. Of course that conscience has often had to yield to the stress of circumstances. It is chiefly, says the *Debats*, in the foreign relations of Great Britain that he has done so. Mr. Gladstone prolongs the British occupation of Egypt, and yet he was the champion of the Neapolitans against the Burbons, of the Poles, the Hungarians, the Bulgarians the Greeks. It was he who gave the Ionian Isles to Greece. Danubian and Balkan Slavs and Greeks owe him an equal debt of gratitude. In siding with them he did more for English influence than Beaconsfield effected in clutching at Cyprus and in leading up to a British Protectorate of Egypt.

An Unseen Enemy

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system, and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack, avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

TUBBER DERG.

The Misfortunes and Triumphs of Owen McCarthy, an Irish Tenant Farmer.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

Author of "Willy Reilly," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Black Baronet," "The Evil Eye," Etc., Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

To an observing eye it is never difficult to detect the cant of imposture, or perceive distress when it is real. The good woman of the house, as is usual in Ireland, was in the act of approaching Owen and his starving family, unsolicited, with a double-handful of meal—that is what the Scotch and northern Irish call a *gowpen*, or as much as both hands locked together can contain—when, noticing their distress, she paused a moment, eyed them more closely, and exclaimed:

"What's this? Why there's something wrong wid you, good people! But first an' foremost take this, in the name an' honor of God."

"May His blessin' rest upon yez!" replied Kathleen. "This is a sorrowful thrial to us; for it's our first day to be upon the world; an' this is the first help of the kind we ever axed for, or ever got; an' indeed now I find we haven't even a place to carry it in. I've no—b—b—cloth, or anything to hould it."

"Your first, is it?" said the good woman. "Your first! May the merciful queen o' heaven look down upon yees, but it's a bitther day yees war driven out in! Sit down, there, you poor erathur. God pity you, I pray this day, for you have a heartbroken look! Sit down awhile, near the fire, you an' the childhre! Come over, darlins, an' warm yourselves. Och, oh! but its a thousand pities to see sich fine childhre—handsome an' good lookin' even as they are, brought to this! Come over, good man; get near the fire, for you're wet an' could all of ye. Brian, *ludher* them two lazy thieves o' dogs out o' that—be off wid yez, ye lazy divils, that's not worth your feedin'! Come over, honest man."

Owen and his family were placed near the fire; the poor man's heart was full, and he sighed heavily.

"May He that is plased to thry us," he exclaimed, "reward you for this! We are," he continued, "a poor an' sufferin' family; but its the will of God that we should be so; an' sure we can't complain widout committin' sin. All we ask now, is, that it may be plasin' to Him that brought us low, to enable us to bear up undher our thrials. We would take it to our choice to beg an' be honest, sooner nor to be wealthy, an' wicked! We have our failings, an' our sins, God help us; but still there's nothin' dark or heavy on our consciences. Glory be to the name o' God for it!"

"Throth, I believe you," replied the farmer's wife; "there's thruth an' honesty in your face; one may easily see the remains of dacency about you all. Musha, throw your little things aside, an' stay where ye are today; you can't bring out the childhre under the teem of rain an' sleet that's in it. Wurrah dheelish, but its the bitther day all out. Faix, Paddy will get a dhrookin, so he will, at that weary fair wid the stirks, poor bouchal—a son of ours that's gone to Ballyboulteen to sell some cattle, an' he'll not be worth three hapuns afore he comes back. I hope he'll have sinse to go into some house, when he's done, an' dhry himself well, any how, besides takin' somethin' to keep out the could. Put by your things, an' don't think of goin' out sich a day."

"We thank you," replied Owen. "Indeed we're glad to stay undher your roof; for, poor things, they're barely able to travel sich a day—these childre."

"Musha, ye ate no breakfast, maybe?"

Owen and his family were silent. The children looked wistfully at their parents, anxious that they should confirm what the good woman surmised; the father looked again at his famished brood and his sinking wife, and nature overcame him.

"Food did not cross our lips this day," replied Owen; "an' I may say hardly anything yesterday."

"Oh, blessed mother! Here, Kitty Murray, drop scrubbin' that dresser, an' put down the midlin' pot for stirabout. Be quick, woman alive, handle yourself; you might a had it boilin' by this. God presarve us!—to be two days widout atin! Be the hoky, Kitty, if you're not alive, I'll give you a douse o' the churnstaff that'll bring the fire to your eyes! Do you hear me?"

"I do hear you, an' did often feel you, too, for fraid hearin' wouldn't do. You think there's no place in the world but your own, I believe. Faix, indeed! it's well come up wid us, to be randied about wid no less a switch than a churnstaff!"

"Is it givin' back talk, you are? Bad end to me, if you look crucked but I'll lave you a mark to remimber me by. What woman 'ud put up wid you but myself, you shkamin flipe? It wasn't to give me your bad tongue I hired you, but to do your business; an' I tell you, if you turn your tongue on me ugin, I'll give you the weight o' the churnstaff. Is it bekase they're poor people that it pleased God to bring to this, that you turn up your nose at doin anything to sarve them? There's not wather enough there, I say—put in more. What signifies all the stirabout that 'ud make? Put plinty in: its bettther always to have too much than too little. Faix, I tell you, you'll want a male's meat an' a night's lodgin' afore you die, if you don't mend your manners."

"Och, musha, the poor girl is doin' her best," observed Kathleen; "an' I'm sure she wouldn't be guilty of usin' pride to the likes of us, or to any one that the Lord has laid his hand upon."

"She had bettther not, while I'm to the fore," said her mistress. "What is she herself? Sure if it was a sin to be poor, God help the world. No; it's neither a sin nor a shame."

"Thanks be to God, no," said Owen; "its neither the one nor the other. So long as we keep a fair name an' a clear conscience, we can't ever say that our case is hard."

After some further conversation a comfortable breakfast was prepared for them, of which they partook with an appetite sharpened by their long abstinence from food. Their stay here was particularly fortunate, for as they were certain of a cordial welcome, and an abundance of that which they much wanted—wholesome food—the pressure of immediate distress was removed. They had time to think more accurately upon the little preparations for misery which were necessary, and, as the day's leisure was at their disposal, Kathleen's needle and scissors were industriously plied in mending the tattered clothes of her husband and her children, in order to meet the inclemency of the weather.

On the following morning, after another abundant breakfast, and substantial marks of kindness from their entertainers, they prepared to resume their new and melancholy mode of life. As they were about to depart, the farmer's wife addressed them in the following terms—the farmer himself, by the way, being but the shadow of his worthy partner in life:

Wife—"Now, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads——"

Farmer—"Ah, good people, you're takin' the world on your heads——"

Wife—"Hould your tongue, Brian, an' suck your dhudeen. Its me that's spakin' to them, so none of your palaver, if you plase, till I'm done, an' then you may prache till Tib's Eve, an that's neither before Christmas nor after it."

Farmer—"Sure I'm sayin' nothin', Elveen, barrin' houldin' my tongue, *a shuchar*" (my sugar.)

Wife—"You're takin' the world on yez, an' God knows 'tis a heavy load to carry, poor crathurs."

Farmer—"A heavy hoad, poor crathurs! God he knows it's that."

Wife—Brian! *Guntho ma*?—did you hear me? You'll be puttin' in your gab, an' me spakin'? How-an-iver, as I was sayin', our house was the first ye came to, an' they say there's a great blessin' to thim that gives the first charity to a poor man or woman settin' out to look for their bit."

Farmer—"Throgs, ay! Whin they set out to look for their bit."

Wife—"I tell you again Brian, you'd vex a saint. What have you to say in it! Hould your whisht now, an' suck your dhudeen, I say; sure I allow you a quarther o' tobaccy a week, an' what right have you to be puttin' in your ghoster when other people's spakin?"

Farmer—"Go an."

Wife—"So, you see, the long an' the short of it is, that whenever you happen to be in the side of the counthry, always come to us. You know the ould sayin'—when the poor man comes he brings in a blessin', an' when he goes he carries away a curse. You have as much meal as will last yez a day or two; an' God he sees you're heartily welcome to all ye got?"

Wife—"Now, Brian, hould your tongue, or I'll turn you out o' the kitchen. One can't hear their own ears for you, you poor squakin' dhrone. Will you whisht, now?"

Farmer—"Go an. Amn't I dhrawin' my pipe?"

Wife—"Well, dhraw it; but don't dhraw *me* down upon you, barrin——. Do you hear me? an' the sthrange people to the fore, too? Well, the Lord be wid yez, an' bless yez! But afore yez go, jist lave your blessin' wid us: for it's a good thing to have the blessin' of the poor."

"The Lord bless you, an' yours!" said Owen, fervently. "May you an' them never—oh, may you never—*never* suffer what we've suffered; nor know what it is to want a male's mate, or a night's lodgin'!"

"Amin!" exclaimed Kathleen; "may the world flow upon you! for your good kind heart desarves it."

Farmer—"An' whisper; I wish you'd offer up a prayer for the rulin' o' the tongue. The Lord might hear *you*, but there's no great hopes that ever he'll hear *me*; though I've prayed for it almost ever since I was married, night an' day, winther an' summer; but no use, she's as bad as ever."

This was said in a kind of friendly insinuating undertone to Owen; who, on hearing it, simply nodded his head, but made no other reply.

They then recommenced their journey, after having once more blessed, and been invited by, their charitable entertainers, who made them promise never to pass their house without stoppiug a night with them.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hell's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

The most elegant and appropriate souvenir of the Exposition which a visitor can carry away is Bancroft's Book of the Fair, taking it home being the next thing to having the entire Exposition forever with him. It is the most complete and perfect reproduction of the great display that has been made, or that can be made within reasonable limits. The 1,000 imperial folio pages which the work is to contain will be packed with all that is most interesting to read and best worth preserving, while the illustrations are in the highest art, as the numbers so far issued amply show.

Eyesight Saved

After Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, Pneumonia and other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled to thoroughly purify the blood and give needed strength. Read this:

Clifford Blackman.

"My boy had Scarlet Fever when 4 years old, leaving him very weak and with blood poisoned with cankor. His eyes became inflamed, his sufferings were intense, and for 7 weeks he could not even open his eyes. I took him to the Eye and Ear Infirmary, but their remedies did him no good. I began giving him **Hood's Sarsaparilla** which soon cured him. I know it saved his sight, if not his very life." ABBIE F. BLACKMAN, 2888 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

BOWLDER TRANSPORTATION.

Some Striking Examples of the Workings of the Ice Age.

An immense area of the northeastern states, extending south to New York, and then westward in an irregular line to Cincinnati and St. Louis, is almost wholly covered with a deposit of drift material, in which rocks of various sizes are imbedded, while other rocks, often of enormous size, lie upon the surface. These blocks have been carefully studied by the American geologists, and they present us with some very interesting facts. Not only are the distances from which they have been transported very great, but in very many cases they are found at a greater elevation than the place from which they must have come.

Professor G. F. Wright found an enormous accumulation of bowlders on a sandstone plateau in Monroe county, Pa. Many of these bowlders were granite and must have come either from the Adirondack mountains, 200 miles to the north, or from the Canadian highlands, still farther away. This accumulation of bowlders was 70 or 80 feet high, and it extended many miles, descending into a deep valley 1,000 feet below the plateau in a nearly continuous line, forming part of the southern moraine of the great American ice sheet.

On the Kentucky hills, about 12 miles south of Cincinnati, conglomerate bowlders containing pebbles of red jasper can be traced to a limited outcrop of the same rock in Canada, to the north of Lake Huron, more than 600 miles distant, and similar bowlders have been found at intervals over the whole intervening country. In both these cases the blocks must have passed over intervening valleys and hills, the latter as high or nearly as high as the source whence the rocks were derived.

Even more remarkable are numerous bowlders of Heidelberg limestone on the summit of the Blue Ridge in Pennsylvania, which must have been brought from ledges at least 500 feet lower than the places upon which they now lie. The Blue Ridge itself shows remarkable signs of glacial abrasion in a well defined shoulder marking the southern limit of the ice (as indicated also by heaps of drifts and erratics), so that Mr. Wright concludes that several hundred feet of the ridge have been worn away by the ice.

The crowning example of bowlder transportation is, however, afforded by the blocks of light gray gneiss discovered by Professor Hitchcock on the summit of Mount Washington, over 6,000 feet above sea level, and identified with Bethlehem gneiss, whose nearest outcrop is in Jefferson, several miles to the northwest and 3,000 or 4,000 feet lower than Mount Washington.—A. R. Wallace in Fortnightly Review.

Wrecks and Salvage.

Given a ship in a safe position as regards valuable property on board, but an uncertain position as regards diving operations, and she may be to the divers a "stand by" for years—notably, for example, in the case of the steamship Castle, wrecked in 1878 near Ushant, having on board valuable pig lead and quicksilver in large iron bottles. The Salvage association had a standing contract with divers, and year after year, when nothing more remunerative was on hand, the diving cutters would sail out from Whitstable for the wreck.

When the news of the loss of this vessel was first received, some chagrined underwriters made known to the Salvage association that in a box in the captain's cabin was a jeweled hunting knife valued at £7,000, belonging to a Portuguese nobleman. The exact spot in which the box was bestowed was carefully explained to the divers, but all their efforts to find it were in vain, or so they affirmed. Lead they could see in plenty, and quicksilver, but nothing at all resembling a box with a jewel hilted knife in it. At this stage, however, they were paid not by results, but by time, and it suggested itself that the thickness of the water might be cleared by the offer of a special 5 per cent, or £350, for the recovery of the knife, and, by a singular coincidence, the costly toy was immediately found and brought to the surface.—Westminster Review.

Crystallizing Flowers.

A writer remarks that the process of crystallizing flowers is simple and can be satisfactorily accomplished by any one who has artistic skill.

Arrange some basket forms of any desired pattern with pliable copper wire and wrap them with gauze. Into these tie to the bottom violets, ferns, geranium leaves—in fact, any flowers except full blown roses—and sink them in a solution of alum of one pound to a gallon of water.

Wait until the solution has cooled, as the colors will then be preserved in their original beauty, and the crystallized alum will hold them faster than when formed in a hot solution.

When you have a light covering of crystals that completely envelops the articles, remove cheerfully and allow it to drip for 12 hours. These baskets make a unique ornament and long preserve their freshness.—Popular Science News.

A Rice Diet.

"I don't know but I shall take to eating with chop sticks soon," said a Springfield paterfamilias the other day. "We've got to living on rice at our house. My little girl goes to cooking school, and her mother says unless she can practice what she is taught the instruction will be of no use to her. They've been having half a dozen lessons on what to do with rice, and now we have rice at every meal. We've rung the changes on rice soup, rice pudding, snowballs, rice cakes, rice fritters, rice gems and apples and rice till I wonder I'm not jabbering the lingo of a heathen Chinese."—Springfield Homestead.

Revolt Against Bound Feet.

The Bridgman School For Girls at Peking has recently determined to receive no more girls with bound feet. The native Christians at Peking, as the result of an enthusiastic meeting, have formed an anti foot binding society.—Ram's Horn.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

"THE CITIZEN," 69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

WATER LOCATION SENSE.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some Reptiles Even When Decapitated.

Reptiles and batrachians usually possess what may be termed the water location sense.

My attention was first called to this by my brother, who, while engaged in a natural history expedition in southeastern Texas, had what at the time we both considered a unique experience with a large sea tortoise.

This tortoise had been surprised some distance from the water, among the sand dunes that line the gulf shore, and on being overtaken had its head chopped off preparatory to serving as a very toothsome addition to our diet. Much to the surprise of the party the beheaded animal continued on its way toward the water.

Several times it was turned around, entirely or part way, but every time it was able to right its position perfectly and again make directly for the water.

At the time this was narrated to me I was of the opinion that there must have been something in the contour of the land that enabled the tortoise to regain the correct direction in each case.

Since then I have had numerous proofs that this ability belongs to a number of species of these animals in the West Indies, and that the loss of eyes and nasal organs, of the entire head and neck, in fact, apparently works no inconvenience to them in this particular. This is a family characteristic which, so far as I have been able to find, is not alluded to in any work concerning them.

The same singular ability may be observed in certain species of water frequenting snake. The common watersnake, often erroneously called the "water moccasin," almost invariably finds its way to the water, if not too far away, when its head is cut off.—St. Louis Republic.

The Color of Man.

The color of the skin in the various races of man has never yet been scientifically accounted for, although numerous mythological stories have been told and senseless theories advanced as reasons for the remarkable variations in hue. Nor have we any certain data concerning the color of the cuticle of the primeval man, the original "lord of creation." A pretty African legend is that he was as black as the proverbial ace of spades and that the present pale color of the Caucasian race is the result of the scare God gave Adam at the time of the fall.

It is proper to state here that the same legend says that the present black race are descendants of one of Adam's sons that was born and left Eden before the great change in color overtook our first parents. The Chinese believe that the original man was a creature half god and half man, and that his color came about as a result of bathing in a river of liquid gold. The Musselmans, the American Indians and several oriental tribes and nations account for their prevailing red or copper color by telling the story of the great being creating the first pair from red kaolin, the common fire clay of the potter shops.—Exchange.

Soap For Chapped Hands.

"Contrary to the general notion," said a well known chemist, "good toilet soap is the best preventive against chapped hands that can be used. I don't mean its general use in washing, but as a salve or balm, just as you would apply camphor ice or vaseline. While the common soap generally used for cleaning about the house is of an alkali nature and chaps the skin terribly, a good toilet soap is neutral and acts as a balm to the irritated skin. In my business I have to wash my hands a great number of times a day At first I had great trouble, for my skin, being naturally tender, chapped easily, making large cracks in the flesh which made it dangerous for me to work in acids. At last I discovered by covering my hands with good toilet soap after I had washed them—rubbing it well into the skin—that I not only prevented chapping, but kept my hands in elegant condition. Vaseline and salves are very good, but none of them can do the work of a first class toilet soap. As I said, a toilet soap is neutral. A person could eat it without injury. Why, many of the pills which are prescribed for you are made out of nothing more than toilet soap."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was Foggy.

Brazil is the hotbed of "prevaricators for amusement only." It has in actual existence an Ananias club, and rumor credits Judge Silas D. Coffey of the state supreme bench with the presidency. The judge tells a good story at the expense of John Vanes, proprietor of the Vanes boiler works, and a cousin to Carnegie, the iron king. He said that one morning while a party were camping at the judge's cottage they awoke to find the thickest fog on record. Vanes was missing, and a search was instituted. He was found just outside the door, where he was cutting out slices of the fog with a cornknife and spreading it with sorghum molasses for breakfast. Vanes denies this and says he was cutting loose the shadows of night that had got caught in the fog.—Brazil (Ind.) Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Force of Habit.

Speaking of force of habit, some years ago there was an iron railing around the capitol grounds at Washington. The appropriation bill provided for a watchman to close and lock the gates every night at a certain hour and open them at a certain hour every morning. In the course of time the railing or fence was removed, but the gates swung between their Egyptian pillars for a long time, and all that time the watchman came and went regularly, closing and opening the gates according to law and drawing his salary.—New York Herald.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the Sixth avenue elevated the other day and groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not only well dressed, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him considerably as he swayed from the strap, and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. A young lady made the discovery and immediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion whispered something in his ears—most likely that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man began pluming himself and finally turned by changing hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his riggs, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs—just as a vain man usually does when he wants to make a good appearance.—New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in pleasant manners and sincerity in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Puritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. One is foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small hope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words butter no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better for a wig than vinegar. If proverbs mean anything, it is because there is one for every side of a question.—Exchange.

CLUB VS. GOVERNOR

Final Movements to Pull Off That Big Fight.

ONE MORE APPEAL TO THE COURT.

Attempt to Shackle the Sheriff With a Restraining Order at Jacksonville, Fla.—The Plan in Case of Failure—A Train-load of Tent Equipage Ready to Seek Some Solitude, the Location of Which Is Yet a Dead Secret.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Jan 23.—A legal discision is how about certain on the question whether the Corbett-Mitchell fight is against Florida law. The Duval club has employed lawyers who have filed a bill in the circuit court asking an injunction restraining the sheriff from interfering in any way with the contest. A hearing will be had today. It is generally admitted that a strong effort is to be made to pull off the fight in the arena at the race track here. The last legal resource will be exhausted to force the sheriff to terms. If the armed forces which are to invade the city, and which under the adjutant-general are subject to the call of the sheriff, can be dislodged by the issuance of the injunction the fight will take place in the cockle-shell built for that purpose. If the injunction does not issue then there is another plan to be adopted.

A Load of Tent Material.

And this is the plan: Two baggage cars, a caboose and an engine pulled out of a siding in the yards of the Florida Central and Peninsula Railroad company last night. There was nothing very strange about the incident and it excited no particular comment at the time. The two baggage cars had been standing on the siding for days up against a bumper, and when the caboose coupled to a passenger engine was backed down and made fast to the cars the only significant circumstance in the proceeding lay in the fact that a locomotive of the freight order was not used to furnish the motive power for the load. Inside the two cars were packed a circus tent and portable seats of the Frank Gentry circus. In the caboose, the blinds and sliding shades of which are tightly drawn, there were thirty-five picked men, armed each with a brace of Colt's forty-fours.

Bound for a Secret Location.

Every man of them had been sworn in as a deputy sheriff, the oath having been administered by the sheriff of an adjacent county friendly to the promoters of the contest. Just where the tent was bound for no one outside of the inner circle of the Duval Athletic club knows and those who do, for obvious reasons, will not divulge it. This move is in consonance with the tip sent out. It was admitted that the club would make a strong effort to bring off the fight in the arena out at the race track, and failing there would be prepared to load fighters and spectators on special trains for a point at which the men could fight without molestation in a place provided which would be in readiness for the mill the day before the date set for the contest.

The Adjutant General on Hand.

Adjutant General Houston has arrived in Jacksonville to make arrangements for quartering the companies of the second battalion, which will arrive today. The men will be housed in the armory here. General Houston said that as he was sent to Jacksonville to prevent the fight he proposed to do so, and would use every means in his power to effect this purpose. "I am acting under instructions from Governor Mitchell," said he, "and I will carry them out to the letter." General Houston does not anticipate any trouble in preventing the battle, and evidently thinks that the sight of the troops will be sufficient to deter the men from entering the ring.

TALMAGE EXPLAINS MATTERS.

He Thinks Twenty-five Years a Long Time in One Pastorate.

NEW YORK, Jan. 23.—Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage has given out a statement regarding his announcement from his pulpit last Sunday that he intended resigning as pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. "It is final," said Dr. Talmage, "for twenty-five years is a long period as pastor of a church. I know of only three pastors in Brooklyn who have been here as long as I have. I will preach at The tabernacle next Sunday and every Sunday after that until I reach the twenty-fifth anniversary of my pastorate.

"The income of our church is far larger than our current expenses, and always has been. Except for the debt and the interest of the debt, but for that cause ensuing from the destruction of our churches, we would have at least $10,000 more than we need every year, but we had to take much of this income for the erection of new churches."

In speaking of Russell Sage Dr. Talmage said: "He has been more than generous to us and our church. As to the church debt, nor organization of any kind can be burned to the ground twice and be compelled to erect three great buildings without being embarrassed, but I feel that I have done my share toward removing the debt. I have given to the church in cash and free services at least $50,000, which statement I make simply as an explanation."

Chopped His Opponent to Pieces.

ALPENA, Mich., Jan. 23.—A terrible murder was committed near Atlanta, Montmorenci county, Richard Garrett being cut to pieces by John Munn. Garrett and Munn were two young woodsmen, and when the fight took place were on their way to work. The two young men got to quarreling. The end was as above stated, the cutting being done with an ax.

Alleged Battle in Mexico.

EL PASO, Tex., Jan. 23.—A special from Chihuahua signed Kettleson and Degetau says that the insurrectionists under Victor Ochoa were met near Santo Tomas by Cols. Pienado and Gritz and routed. It is said Ochoa himself escaped, but that Lujan was killed.

Annual Banquet of the Alger Club.

DETROIT, Jan. 23.—The fifth annual banquet of the Alger Republican club, a local organization which includes prominent Republicans of the state in its honorary membership, was successfully given last night.

Ashore with a Million Dollar Cargo.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., Jan. 23.—A big foreign steamer, the Andes, bound from Costa Rica to New York with a cargo of coffee and fruits said to be valued at $1,000,000, is ashore off Little Beach life-saving station.

TO ENJOIN CARLISLE.

Knights of Labor Going into Court Over the Bond Issue.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 20.—A special to The News from Philadelphia says: The following dispatch was sent from the Knights of Labor headquarters after consultation among the officers present to J. R. Sovereign, general master workman, K. of L., at Des Moines, Ia.

"Secure counsel and go before the United States supreme court immediately. Enter injunction proceedings against Carlisle restraining him from issuing $50,000,000 of bonds. The interests of the people upon whom the burden of all taxation to pay the interest and principal of these fall require that you should immediately take this step against the secretary of the treasury, enjoining him from incurring any further debt while the resources of the government if properly applied are sufficient to meet all lawful demands.

"JOHN W. HAYES,
"General secretary and treasurer K. of P."

The following telegram was received in reply by Secretary Hayes:

"Case submitted to counsel. If there is reasonable grounds on which to force a standing in court injunction proceedings will begin at once. J. R. SOVEREIGN.
"General Master Workman."

ASSASSIN PRENDERGAST.

Arguments for a New Trial Postponed Until Jan. 31.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Arguments for a new trial for Patrick Eugene John Prendergast, condemned to death for the murder of Carter H. Harrison, were postponed by Judge Brentano until Jan. 31. Assistant State's Attorney Todd was ready to proceed, but attorneys Wade, Essex and Huron, for the defendant, insisted upon further time in which to prepare their arguments. After a short consultation between the court and counsel Jan. 31 was settled upon as the date of argument.

One of the main argument of the defense in an effort to secure another trial for Prendergast will be made on the ground of the separation of the jurymen, who were taken out in three batches to exercise their right of franchise on the day of the mayoralty election.

PROHIBITION KNOCKED OUT.

Decision Handed Down by the Supreme Court of Iowa.

DES MOINES, Jan. 23.—The supreme court has affirmed its former decision holding that the prohibitory amendment is not part of the constitution of the state having never been legally adopted.

This decision puts a final quietus on constitutional prohibition in Iowa and leaves nothing of prohibition but the statute which will probably be repealed by the present legislature.

Ex-Priest McNamara Arrested.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 20.—J. V. McNamara, the ex-Catholic priest, to whose lecture last Tuesday night the riot at Turner hall was largely due, was arrested on the charge of slandering the directors of a local convent. Papers were made out by the prosecuting attorney. Justice Latham remained at the jail until a late hour so that McNamara might be bailed out by his friends; but up to a late hour he was still locked up. McNamara was found in the house of a relative, The officers were told the ex priest was not in, but they insisted on searching the premises and found him secreted in a closet in the garret, the door of which had to be broken in as McNamara refused to give up the key.

To Contest Mayor Hopkins' Seat.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Attorney John S. Miller, on behalf of the local Republican party, has filed in the county court a lengthy statement of the grounds for contesting the election of Mayor Hopkins. The statement begins by saying that the citizens who appear as contestants are duly qualified voters and there follows a long list of alleged frauds, the effect of which was to seat John P. Hopkins in the mayor's chair. The prayer of the contestants is that Hopkins be ousted and George B. Swift declared the legally elected mayor by the county court.

Twenty Years for Train Robbers.

CENTRALIA, Ills., Jan. 19.—The three train robbers, Hardin, Jones, and Odwier, who held up an Illinois Central train in this city Sept. 20, were sentenced by Judge Burroughs in the circuit court at Salem to serve terms of twenty years each in the penitentiary at Chester. All three entered pleas of guilty to the charge of burglary, and Jones pleaded guilty to the charge of assault with intent to murder. Hardin and Odwier were given the extreme limit of the law, but Jones was given a ten-year sentence in each case, making twenty years in all.

Good Thing for Sioux City.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., Jan. 22.—D. H. Talbot, a large land owner, who has a tract of 4,000 acres of land along the Sioux river and within the city limits, has made a will in which he bequeaths the entire property to the city at his death, 960 acres of which is to be used for park purposes and the rest disposed of as the city may see fit. The property is worth fully $100 an acre.

Heavy Damages for Injury.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—In the United States court Wilber F. Davidson was given a verdict of $43,000 against the Illinois Central railway company as damages for personal injuries. Davidson, who is a well known electrical man, was very badly injured at the Hyde Park station of the defendant company in February, 1893. He sued for $100,000.

Three Persons Killed at a Crossing.

FINDLAY, O., Jan. 22.—A wagon containing six persons was run into by a passenger train on the Toledo and Ohio Central railway at the northern outskirts of this city. The killed are Daniel Rodecker and wife, and Henry Russell. The injured are John Sullivan and a 16-year-old daughter of Mrs. Harshe.

The Cruiser Montgomery a Flyer.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Jan. 22.—The new cruiser Montgomery has made her official trial trip. She made the extraordinary speed as estimated of nineteen knots per hour, with the tide against her. The result of the trial assures the builders of premiums of at least $175,000, and perhaps $250,000.

Favorable to Income Tax.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The Democratic members of the ways and means committee met and decided to report the internal revenue bill with the income tax provision to the full committee and to the house.

Woman Elected Mayor.

PLEASANTON, Kan., Jan. 19.—Mrs. Anna Austin was elected mayor of this town by a majority of 8 in a total vote of 338, of which women cast 133.

EXPIATED THEIR CRIMES.

THREE BRUTAL MURDERERS DIE ON THE GALLOWS.

The Murder of Nellie Byron Avenged by the Law—Wils Howard Executed at Lebanon, Mo., for Murdering a Deaf Mute for the Purpose of Robbery—Bomberger, the Sextuple Murderer, Hanged

JOLIET, Ills., Jan. 20.—The brutal murder of Nellie Byron has been avenged. The law has taken its course and Ernest Lacore has paid the dire penalty. The prisoner passed the night as well as could be expected, considering it was to be his last on earth. For many days he has devoted much time to prayer and scripture reading, and he was assiduous in these practices. He took his last leave of his mother at 4 o'clock. She bore up with remarkable fortitude, but when the end came she had to be almost carried from the jail.

Lacore's Terrible Crime.

The crime which Lacore expiated was the murder of Mary Ellen Byron on Aug. 6 in the town of Wesley, near Wilmington, this county. In the forenoon of that Sunday she attended mass at Wilmington and went home with her aunt to spend the afternoon. About 3 o'clock Lacore, who was a farmhand working for James Clark, about a mile from Mary Byron's home, came to her house; during the few minutes he remained he inquired particularly about her and where she had gone. Being told he went to fish with her brothers, but soon left and was last seen going in the direction Mary would come from in going home from her aunt's.

Broke the Girls' Neck.

In confessions made by Lacore after his arrest he stated that he enticed the 12-year-old girl into a thicket by a story of a dead steer belonging to her father, attempted to seduce her, but, on her resisting, took her head in his hands and threw her down. It was shown by the coroner's inquest that her neck had been broken by the blow. Lacore narrowly escaped lynching by the infuriated mobs both at Wilmington and in Joliet. At his trial, notwithstanding his confession, he pleaded not guilty, but the case was too strong against him. From the first he appeared utterly indifferent to his fate. Cool and collected, he often laughingly declared that if he could have enough to eat and smoke he was satisfied.

WILS HOWARD HANGED.

He Murdered a Deaf Mute for the Purpose of Robbery.

LEBANON, Mo., Jan. 20.—Wils Howard was hanged here at 9:15 a. m. for the murder of a deaf mute in Maries county, Mo. Howard was a Kentuckian, and prior to his appearance in this state, some six years since, was mixed up in one of the bloodiest vendettas known in Kentucky. The crime which brought him to the gallows was the murder of a deaf mute named Thomas McMichael in Maries county in 1889. The murdered man was stopping with a deaf mute friend in a remote part of the county when Wilson appeared at the house, represented himself as a detective, and said that he wanted McMichael for robbery.

WILS HOWARD.

He took the mute out into the woods a short distance from the house, shot him, robbed him of about $50 and disappeared. Two days after the body was found, and on the ground near by was Howard's pocketbook and several other articles which, in the trial, were the most damaging evidence against him. He was tracked to the Pacific coast and was found in the California penitentiary under a short sentence, and when it expired he was returned to Missouri. He was tried in the circuit court of Laclede county and convicted of murder in the first degree. He had money and fought the case desperately. It cost the state over $12,000 to convict him.

EXECUTION OF BOMBERGER.

He Murdered a Father, Mother and Four Little Children.

CANDO, N. D., Jan. 20.—Albert Bomberger, the sextuple murderer, was hanged here in the presence of a large crowd of people.

Bomberger's crime was one of the most heinous known to the criminal calendar. Daniel S. Kreider, Mrs. Kreider, his wife, Bernice, Merby, May, and David, aged respectively 13, 11, 9, and 7 years, were all brutally murdered by him. On July 5 he attempted a criminal assault on Annie Kreider, 15 years old.

July 6 the thought struck him that he must kill the whole family in order to keep Annie from telling the story of his assault to her mother. Without reflecting over the awfulness of such a crime he deliberately went into the house and, going to the hook, took down an old shotgun and commenced the work. Kreider and his wife were sleeping in the downstairs bedroom and opening the door, he took deliberate aim at Kreider's head, and being at such close range, literally blew it into fragments, and brains and hair were scattered all over the wall and bed.

Mrs. Kreider jumped up and attempted to run out of the room, but he fired at her and sent the second load through her body, and she fell lifeless at his feet. The children who were sleeping upstairs were awakened by the shooting and had started to come down stairs. Bomberger met them at the door and he commanded them to go back, he following them. Annie was driven into his room and he then commenced a slaughter of the remaining ones. Merby was shot in the head, Mary was the second shot, but not ending her life immediately he pulled his knife and cut her throat from ear to ear; Daniel was next killed, and then Bernice. He then assault-Annie, after first compelling her to cook a meal for him.

Drowned Right Before Their Eyes.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Jan. 22.—Theresa Jones, aged 17, and Martha Hartford, aged 16, both mill girls, were drowned while skating in the West Field river at Mitteneague. A crowd gathered on the shore, but no one dared venture on the thin ice to save the girls, who sank before their eyes.

Named for the Supreme Court.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The president has sent the following nomination to the senate: Wheeler H. Peckham of New York to be associate justice of the supreme court of the United States. Mr. Peckham was a delegate to the famous "anti-snapper" convention.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

What the Solons Are Doing for the Good of the Country.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—In the senate a letter from Walthall of Mississippi tendering his resignation was read. Peffer introduced a resolution criticising Secretary Carlisle for calling for bids for bonds.

The house devoted the day to the consideration of the tariff bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 19.—At the opening session of the house the report of the committee on elections in favor of O'Neill, the Democratic contestant, in the contested election case of O'Neill vs. Joy was presented and ordered printed. The consideration of the tariff bill was then resumed, the pending amendment being that of Johnson of Ohio to place steel rails on the free list. It was defeated.

After the defeat of Johnson's amendment Henderson of Iowa offered an amendment to substitute the present law for the agricultural schedule, and a long debate on agriculture ensued in which Hopkins, Hull, Springer, Haugen, and others took part.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The consideration of the tariff bill was resumed in the house, the pending amendment being that of Henderson of Iowa to substitute existing rates on agricultural products for the agricultural schedule of the Wilson bill Wilson asked unanimous consent that on Tuesday three hours be set aside for the discussion of the coal schedule and three hours for the iron ore schedule. After some parleying this was agreed to. McRae of Arkansas gave notice in the house that he would on Monday offer an amendment to strike out the sugar bounty. The amendment of Henderson of Iowa to substitute the present law for the agricultural schedule was lost—116 to 63.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The fight to amend the sugar schedule of the Wilson bill was made in the house. It opened immediately after the reading of the journal. The first amendment was that offered by McRae to abolish entirely the sugar bounty.

While petitions were being presented in the senate Sherman took occasion to refer to the flag incident which recently stirred up Ohio people, and said that he hoped the flags would be kept flying over the Capitol all the time as well as when congress and the supreme court was in session. A bill to codify and arrange in order all the pension laws was presented by Palmer.

ANOTHER BOLD HOLD-UP.

Bandits Stop an Express Train Near St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 19.—Train No. 3 on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs railroad was robbed by four masked men at Roy's branch, just above the city, the scene of the attempted robbery of Sept. 25 last. The men got away with everything in the express and baggage car, the amount of which is not known. Coming so soon after the robbery of the Eli on the Burlington road there is great excitement, and is is believed that the same men were involved in both robberies. The train was stopped by a torpedo placed on the track. In response to its warning the engineer slewed up, but before the train had come to a full stop two men came out of the darkness and both engineer and fireman were covered by revolvers. They were forced to go back to the baggage car, one-half of which was used for the express business.

Here three more men came up and the engine men were forced to demand admittance. C. E. Baxter, the express messenger, opened the door to see what was the matter and immediately had two revolvers pointed at his face. The robbers then entered the car and took everything in sight. The safe was found open and its contents transferred to a large sack which one of the bandits, who had kept in the rear, carried. When the men had taken all they could conveniently carry, selecting what they thought of the greatest value, they ordered the train crew to fall in line and marched them in a bunch half way down the train. Here they ordered them to stand still, threatening to shoot the first man that left his place or attempted to give an alarm. The five men then made their escape in a westerly direction, disappearing in the dense willow which lines the track for a mile or so at that point.

THE HAWAIIAN MATTER.

President Cleveland Sends Some More Correspondence to the House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 22.—The president has transmitted to the house an additional installment of Hawaiian papers received from Mr. Willis. The retirement of Vice President Hatch is announced and the election of W. C. Miller to succeed him. The executive council, the correspondence says, has been increased from four to five persons, a minister of foreign affairs being added. The president has heretofore discharged the duties of that office.

A petition and memorial addressed to President Cleveland from the Hawaiian Patriotic league, claiming to represent 8,000 legal voters, is inclosed by Minister Willis without comment. The memorial alleges a conspiracy of Minister Stevens and the men in the present provisional government, and deny that the present provisional government represents the people of Hawaii. Specifications are made of alleged incompetency in the provisional government.

Trial of Dan Coughlin.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—The defense in the Coughlin trial has begun. Judge Wing remarked just before calling his first witness that he would make no statement to the jury, as he believed the witnesses would interest them more than he could. The defense expects to consume about two weeks in getting in its testimony. The first evidence is to be that of the medical experts, to each of whom a hypothetical question covering the facts of Dr. Cronin's death has been submitted.

Rape of the Locks.

TOLEDO, Jan. 23.—Mrs. Catherine Reischer of Canton has been noted for her magnificent suit of very long and abundant black hair. While walking home from church two men waylaid her. One held her firmly, and the other with a pair of tailors' shears cut off her hair close to the scalp, escaping with their booty before aid came.

Silk Mills Resume.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Jan. 22.—John D. Cutter & Co.'s mammoth silk mills resumed operations, giving employment to 400 hands. The concern has many orders and will be kept busy for some time to come.

Illinois Steel Mills to Resume.

JOLIET, Ills., Jan. 19.—It is officially announced that the Illinois Steel mills will resume work Jan. 22, employing about 4,200 men.

PRAIRIE STATE NEWS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR ILLINOIS READERS.

Happenings in the State During the Past Few Days Grouped Together in One Column—Matters Compiled for the Benefit of Our Own People of Illinois.

SULLIVAN, Ills., Jan. 20.—Milton Bond and Charles Colt, brothers-in-law, fought here as the result of long standing family troubles. Bond was shot in the left temple and died shortly after. Colt was shot in the left thigh, the ball striking the thigh bone and glancing upward into the abdomen. His wound may prove fatal. The coroner's jury instructed that Colt he held to await the action of the grand jury. Both participants in the shooting are young men of good families. Their homes are in Nelson township. Colt is a school teacher.

Poisoned by Milk.

ROCHELLE, Ills., Jan. 23.—Great interest is still manifested in the poisoning of the family of H. Wells Atwater, one of the members of which is dead. A peculiarity of the death of the one mentioned is the fact that the corpse turned almost a jet black soon after death. Three of the children are still in a critical condition and physicians have been working with them the entire day, but give little hope for the recovery of at least one of the sufferers. The infected milk has been sent to a Chicago chemist for analysis.

Fight Over a Corner Stone.

MONMOUTH, Ills., Jan. 19.—The proposition that the Masonic fraternity lay the corner stone of the new court house here is creating great opposition, especially on the part of the members of the United Presbyterian church. This denomination is opposed to secret orders generally, and opposition is made on the ground that no order or society should have the privilege of laying the corner stone of a building paid for by public taxation. The fight is waxing warm.

State Will Pay the Costs.

PEORIA, Ills., Jan. 20.—An important and long-continued trial has just come to an end through the dismissal of the so called "lumpy jaw" cattle cases, in which the state board of live stock commissioners were tried for ordering the killing of cattle affected with actinomycosis. The cases were on hearing the second time, but the disease having been proved non-contagious the live stock commissioners dismissed the case and agreed to pay the costs.

Murderer Hart on Trial.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Jan. 23.—John Hart was placed on trial in the circuit court with Judge Shaw presiding for the murder of his two sisters, Mary and Nellie Hart, at their home, four miles west of the city, on Sept. 5 last, the former being instantly killed and the latter being forced to drink a fatal dose of paris green. Before her death she made a statement fixing the crime on her brother. The defense will be emotional insanity.

Benton Out on Bail.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 19.—Dan Benton, alias Bill Newby, was brought here from the Chester penitentiary and was taken into the United States court and entered into recognizance in the sum of $2,500 for his appearance to await the action of the United States supreme court, to which his case goes on appeal. His attorneys, Judge E. C. Kramer, Colonel G. W. Johns and T. S. Robenson, signed his bond.

Illinois Vaccination Law.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 19.—The attorney general of the state has given an opinion on the question of compulsory vaccination of school children which in brief is that while school authorities should use all their influence to have the children vaccinated, the vaccination of pupils is not part of the work of the public school and the public school funds cannot be used lawfully to defray its expenses.

To Contest the Apportionment.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—The Republican state central committee will contest the apportionment made by the last general assembly. According to report the counsel for the committee claims to possess information which will make a case as strong in court as those produced in either Wisconsin, Kansas or New York.

Six Years for Two Cigars.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Jan. 22.—Thomas Bennett, colored and an ex-convict, pleaded guilty in the St. Clair county court to the burglary of an office, from which he stole two cigars valued at 10 cents. He got six years in the penitentiary.

Sheriff's Action Settles a Strike.

LA SALLE, Ills., Jan. 23.—By making a few arrests of strikers the sheriff has practically settled the strike. Spring Valley miners promised to join but failed to come. The majority now want to return to work.

Declares Delehanty Not Guilty.

WOODSTOCK, Ills., Jan. 22.—In the Delehanty murder trial, which has been before the circuit court of McHenry county for the past two weeks, the jury, after being out four hours, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Evidence of Deliberate Fraud.

LANSING, Mich., Jan. 23.—The fraudulent canvass of the vote on the salaries amendment, whereby it was shown that the proposition carried when in fact it was defeated by a heavy majority, is still a reigning sensation here. Evidences of deliberate fraud on the part of some one are so strong that no one seeks to deny them, and unless the governor acts with promptness and vigor there is little doubt that a grand jury will be impaneled to investigate the case.

Walter Phipp's Two Victims.

CHICAGO, Jan. 23.—The condition of Walter Phipp's two victims remains unchanged. Dr. Sands at St. Joseph's hospital gives scant hopes for Miss Ericksen's recovery. The bullet was extracted from her head and several splinters of her skull that were imbedded in the brain were also dislodged. Unless inflammation sets in Dr. Sands says she has a possible chance of recovery, but her condition at present is extremely critical. Mrs. McCormick is in a fair way to recover.

The Bernhardt Nearly Poisoned.

PARIS, Jan. 23.—It has transpired that Sara Bernhardt had a narrow escape from death by poison while performing in her new piece "Izeil." Her new Dahomeyan servant, Kerim, put some laudanum in her cup of tea by mistake. Bernhardt noticed the strange taste before she had drunk enough to do her any serious harm.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

George Keipkee of North Dakota was fatally stabbed by an unknown man at the Union depot at Decatur, Ills.

The council of administration for the department of Illinois, G. A. R., decided at Rockford, Ills., to hold the state encampment at Rockford, May 15, 16 and 17.

While hunting near Bourbon, Ind., Edward Philips accidentally seriously shot himself.

Stephen P. Slocum, the newly appointed collector of the port of New York, was an inspector of customs under President Pierce more than forty years ago.

John E. Johnson, a negro, living near Somerville, Ala., murdered his wife and two small children and then burned his home.

The Baltimore and Ohio will hereafter enforce rigidly its rule that no employe discharged for drunkenness shall be re employed.

The governor of California will probably commute the sentence of John McNulty, who has been sentenced five times to suffer the death penalty at Sacramento.

* * *

The following are the names of the Amsterdam crew who went to the rescue of a sinking schooner and were lost: Chief Officer J. Meyer, aged 28 years; Second Boatswain E. Requart, Carpenter A. J. Oudyn, Steerage Steward A. Ross, Quartermaster F. G. Eichhorn, Seaman A. Von Vleet. Seaman A. Vanderwilt, who was an expert swimmer, was saved.

Efforts are being made to have the death sentence of William Howard of Missouri commuted. He has committed thirty murders.

W. C. Cronsmeyer, president of a factory at Demmler, Pa., was a schoolmate of President Peixoto of Brazil at Detmole, Germany.

Governor Markham of California designated Jan. 27 as a public holiday in honor of the opening of the Midwinter exposition.

Henry Singleton, colored convict, was found guilty at Jackson, Miss., of killing Lula Payne, another convict, and sentenced to death.

* * *

Matilda Robinson was given a verdict at Salem, Ills., of $9,000 in her suit for damages against the Illinois Central railroad company.

A citizens' league has been organized at Sioux City, Ia., to purify the local politics.

Flesh, Prugh & Co.'s clothing store at Piqua, O., was robbed of goods valued at $600.

Jim Green, colored, was fatally shot by his son George at Moorfield, Ky.

Thieves at Jeffersonville, Ind., stole forty hides from Butcher Zaun, valued at $160.

Carl H. Schultz, Jr., of Murray Hill, N. J., died from injuries received in the Hackensack wreck.

John Smith, an engineer, was instantly killed by the explosion of the boiler in Rader's sawmill at Lawrenceville, Pa.

The Arkansas Valley smelter, Leadville, Colo., has resumed and five furnaces have been fired up, treating 350 tons daily and giving employment to 250 men.

At Garrett, Ind., the 2-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon pulled a lighted lamp from a table upon itself and was burned to death.

Attorney General Olney has received the resignation of United States Marshal Knott of the northern district of Iowa.

A. B. Whitely was sentenced to thirty days in the county jail at Cheyenne, Wy., for attempting to suborn jurors.

* * *

Mrs. Hattie P. Evans, wife of H. K. Evans, county attorney of Wayne county, Ia., has been admitted to practice by the supreme court.

Henry Bernjus, who assaulted Louis Jensen at Cedar Rapids with an icepick, has been arrested at Clinton, Ia. His victim may die.

National bank note circulation, which reached $209,500,000 during the money stringency, has declined to $204,500,000.

Word has been received from the Colgate relief party, which was at Hamilton's cabin on the middle fork of the Clearwater, 120 miles from Kendrick, Ida., Jan. 4. The party still had hopes of finding Colgate alive.

The dead body of Nellie Fay, aged 24 years, was found in the Hotel Everton, Boston. It is supposed she was killed.

Yankton Sioux in South Dakota have agreed to sell their land to the government, and they may be thrown open to settlement.

Leon Rozner, 7 years old, was crushed to death at Griswold, Neb., under a railroad turntable which some children were turning around.

* * *

Non-union potters at Wick Bros.' works at Kittanning, Pa., struck against a reduction of 10 per cent. in wages.

H. L. Cornwell was arrested at Guthrie, O. T., for kicking to death a neighbor named Brown in a fight over some fodder.

The Howard Plate Glass works at Duquesne, Pa., employing 500 men, has resumed work after four months' idleness.

Frank Lawson was arrested at Urbana, O., on a charge of setting fire to his planing mills.

William Henry Sanders, injured by an Illinois Central train at Salem, Ills., two years ago, has been awarded $4,000 damages.

The wages of the section men on the Grand Trunk railway between Montreal and Island Pond have been reduced 10 cents per day.

Arthur Wirian, on trial at Washington, Ia., for attempted murder of his step father, has squawuitted.

* * *

Charles McGlone, a boss at the Wellman Iron and Steel works, Chester, Pa., was killed by footpads.

Charles Gardner was brutally assaulted by highwaymen near Newcastle, Pa., and may die of his injuries.

Austin Haney and Thomas Guest were badly hurt in a riot at a primary at Everson, Pa.

M. G. Gamble, colored, criminally assaulted the little daughter of Bedford France of Central Jellico Mines, Ky. A mob captured him and he is supposed to have been lynched.

The house of T. W. Robinson, formerly of Chicago, superintendent of the steel works at Pueblo, Colo., was robbed of jewelry valued at $1,000.

Hugh Higgins of Vinton, Mich., was arrested at Decatur, Mich., charged with killing Eugene Finch.

Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan is credited with the intention of erecting a monument over the unmarked grave of Betsy Molly Pitcher, of Revolutionary celebrity, which lies near West Point.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 27, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Sindbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Butterflies."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Dewolf Hopper.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Julia Marlowe.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Walker Whiteside.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The County Fair."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Two Orphans."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers in city and country, who have received their January bills, will greatly oblige the office by remitting without further notice, and thus save us additional trouble and expense.

VALUE OF HISTORICAL EDUCATION.

Mr. J. J. O'Gorman, of Toledo, O., under date of the 13th inst., writes to us as follows: "I have read the article on the National Schools of Ireland, recently published in THE CITIZEN, with more than usual interest, and this thought has occurred to me—If Ireland had no National school system would not her people be in far worse condition than at present, in the matter of illiteracy? Would not the percentage of illiterates be greater than it is now?" Certainly, to both questions, Mr. O'Gorman; but that is no reason why the so-called National schools should leave the youth of Ireland in pitiful ignorance of her glorious, if unhappy, history. No man can be said to be educated who is ignorant of history, and more particularly that of his own country. This applies with equal force to a woman. England had an alleged "history" written, to suit her own purposes, by the learned scoundrels who accompanied her invading armies, or followed after them, from the days of Gerald Barry, to those of James Anthony Froude. Irish history, excepting McGeoghegan's, amounted to very little of value before the advent of Young Ireland. Keating's was a mere chronology, and such other histories as we possessed were obscured or disfigured by mysticism or exaggeration. Now we can boast of several good ones: McGee's—small but comprehensive; Mitchel's excellent continuation of McGeoghegan; Haverty's, and A. M. Sullivan's interesting and instructive "Story of Ireland."

One reason why all people of the Irish race everywhere should study Irish history is to enlarge their feeling of self-respect. Barry lied about us, and was believed. So also did Spenser, Raleigh, Story, Harris, Burnet, Hume, Macaulay and Froude. These worthies reflected not alone on our physical and moral characteristics, but even impugned the national courage, more particularly during the Williamite wars. From the English historians we had nothing but the chronicle of our defeats and misfortunes. When we won a victory, as at the Yellow Ford, Benburb, the first Athlone and the first Limerick, Oulart Hill and Tubbernearing, it was belittled; when we suffered a reverse, as at Kinsale, Knocknoss, Newtownbutler, the Boyne, Aughrim and Arklow, it was exaggerated. Qualities that, if displayed by any other people struggling for liberty, would have won the applause of those bigoted English historians were sneered at with bitter vindictiveness, and, even when eulogy was forced from them it was, as Macaulay himself acknowledges, in begrudging and ungracious fashion. Scotland never lacked historians to uphold the story of her glorious resistance to English aggression—she fought 314 battles against England from the first invasion of the first Edward to the accomplishment of the Union in the reign of Queen Anne, while Ireland fought a thousand, large and small, during the same period, and later still. The Scotch poets, as well as their historians, succeeded in gaining the ear of the outer world. Bannockburn is as well known as Marathon, but how many, outside of the educated and patriotic portion of the Irish people, know, or care, anything about Kells or Atheroe, where Art MacMurrough routed the Mortimers and Plantagenets; or about Clontibret, Armagh, Drumfluich, the Yellow Ford, Benburb and countless other victories won by Irish valor against generally overwhelming odds and superior armament? These things should be known to the young people of the Irish race, no matter where they may be scattered. More than this, they should be familiar with the honorable terms of capitulation granted to the Irish army at the surrender of Limerick, in 1691; with the gross and shameless violation of the civil articles by William and the Georges; with the desolate and revolting period of the penal laws, extending in their full force from 1692 to the era of the Volunteers; with the causes that led to the rise of that body, its decline and fall; with the efforts of the United Irishmen in peace and in war, at home and abroad, on the field and in prison—often, too, on the scaffold; with the odious methods employed to destroy the Irish parliament and carry the Union of 1800, and with all that has since occurred.

On all this mighty mass of Irish history the misnamed National school books of Ireland are silent. Their business is to make the young Irish mind "loyal" to England and the imperial connection. What the cannon could not accomplish, the school book can. Had it not been for the courage of the priests and schoolmasters of the penal days, the bulk of the Irish people, notwithstanding their inherent devotion to the Catholic faith, would have been taught into Protestantism. The school books, printed in the Anglican interest, would have done it. The priests did not allow the people to be left without Catholic teachers. Hence, throughout all the storms of persecution, the Celtic Irish, as an overwhelming body, remained Catholic. Would that they had also remained aggressively national! We do not mean to say that the spirit of nationality was allowed to die, but it was allowed to slumber, so much so that it took all the influence of Wolfe Tone, a Protestant; of John Keogh, chief of the first movement for Catholic Emancipation, which resulted in the partial measure of 1793, and, lastly, of Daniel O'Connell, to arouse within the people a proper spirit of manhood, and, strange to say, those great Irishmen found it much more difficult to fire the educated Catholic heart to action than the heart of the untaught but heroic peasant. Why was this? Because the educated Catholic was brought up, except such young men as were intended for the priesthood, and who studied on the Continent, to be loyal to England, not to Ireland. These were "the gentry," the professional and commercial classes, with some honorable exceptions. The peasantry, if untaught, had the torch of tradition to light them through the darkness, and they never made any mistake as to who was their most deadly foe. When Emancipation came, England bribed all she could of the educated Catholics, and, in the burning words of Meagher, when the potato blight gave her the opportunity, destroyed by millions her peasant foes. Poor fellows! They always bore the brunt of her anger, because she might, for a time, subdue but could never conquer *them*.

It is for this THE CITIZEN respects the masses of the Irish people, the brave, rough hewn masses, whose hearts are still the altar on which burns the holy fire. Whatever their faults, whatever their shortcomings, induced by ages of persecution and outrage unequalled in human annals, it still has faith in the Irish people, and will have ten-fold more faith, when the history of their country is as well known to them and their children as is the catechism itself. A people who know their history can never be permanently undone. Again we quote the aphorism of Henry Grattan, "Educate that you may be free!"

THE SEVENTH INFANTRY HAS THE RIGHT OF LINE.

The resignation of Col. Louis S. Judd, of the Second Infantry, I. N. G., has made Col. Francis T. Colby the senior colonel of the First Brigade, and, therefore, gives the Seventh Infantry (Hibernian Rifles) the right of the line. This is a high honor for the regiment, and it ought to prove itself worthy of the distinction by recruiting up to the maximum. For this purpose it will be necessary to recruit about five hundred able bodied young men, who can devote one evening in each week to drill. This, certainly, is not a great hardship, and the complement should be made up long before St. Patrick's Day, when the regiment will turn out with the Irish societies to do honor to Ireland's patron saint.

The following highly complimentary letter explains itself:

ILLINOIS BOARD OF WORLD'S FAIR COMMISSIONERS, CHICAGO, Jan. 17.—*My Dear Colonel:* The Illinois Board of World's Fair Commisioners have very kindly authorized me to send the accompanying flag of Old Ireland to the gallant Seventh Regiment Illinois National Guard, with their best wishes and compliments.

This flag floated from the Illinois Building on Irish Day, in honor of the visit of your regiment, to the World's Columbian Exposition, and there could be no more appropriate home for it than the Armory of the Hibernian Rifles where it will always find honest hearts and willing hands to love and guard it. Remember me kindly to the boys. I remain yours truly,

W. C. GARRARD, Sec'y.

To Col. F. T. Colby, commanding Seventh Reg. I. N. G.

M. D. O'BRIEN'S METHODS.

One Michael D. O'Brien, otherwise known as Michael Dominick O'Brien, otherwise as M. D. O'Brien, who says he is an "advertising agent," living at No. 1429 Thirty-third street, has been of late,—instead of trying to earn an honest livelihood by his putative profession—busying himself in attacking, by postal cards sent to business men, from motives of spite and venom, THE CITIZEN, and other weekly newspapers published in Chicago.

This man, O'Brien, is a comparatively recent arrival from Limerick, Ireland, and has been in this country about three years. On his first arrival, THE CITIZEN gave him employment as a canvasser, and befriended him in other ways. When the position of bookkeeper in the office became vacant, O'Brien was given the place. During the absence of the editor, who was confined to his house by illness, O'Brien improved the opportunity to neglect the business of the office and get drunk. He was discharged. Subsequently he came around, and begged himself back as a canvasser for subscriptions and advertising. In this capacity he proved himself thoroughly tricky and dishonest.

1. He obtained money from subscribers and kept it.

2. He gave one rate of charges to advertisers and a lower rate to the office, and appropriated the difference, together with the commission, to his own use and benefit, thus cheating both his employers and the advertisers.

3. He collected money for advertising and put the whole proceeds into his capacious pocket, where they have remained, so far as this office is concerned, ever since.

4. While bookkeeper, he cunningly provided himself with duplicate keys, and, after his discharge, was detected by the janitor leaving the office at unseasonable hours, and his arrest was ordered if he should be discovered again. The office had finally to be double-locked to prevent his intrusion.

5. He involved himself in trouble with the postoffice authorities of this city by irregular practices in mailing papers, while he was employed as a canvasser, and narrowly escaped the attentions of the United States district attorney.

6. He made himself such a general nuisance to subscribers and advertisers of THE CITIZEN that numerous requests were sent to the office to keep him away, as he was only doing injury to our business.

7. Among the subscribers for THE CITIZEN whom O'Brien collected from, without making return of the amount, was an assistant priest in this city. Most dishonest men, of Irish birth and Catholic faith, would stop short at the laity, but this man could not refrain from cheating a minister of the gospel. He did not even have the spirit to begin with a bishop, or a parish priest, but had to select a poor curate for his victim.

Now, the foregoing are the bare facts in the case of M. D. O'Brien. It is not uncharitable to say of him that, in his conduct toward THE CITIZEN, he has revealed the instincts of an informer, allied to the methods of a spy. THE CITIZEN warns the Irish societies, into which O'Brien is desirous of being admitted, that if they accept him as a member they will be nourishing a viper in their bosoms. A man who betrays his employers will also, when occasion calls for it, betray his associates.

THE CITIZEN has never held belief in Swift's aphorism, "If you wish to make a man your enemy do him a favor," but the disposition and methods of M. D. O'Brien lead us to think that, in some cases at least, the great wit and satirist was not wide of the mark.

In personal appearance, M. D. O'Brien is about five feet ten inches in height, quite corpulent, about 50 years old, but "well preserved," doubtless from being so frequently "pickled." He has an exuberant manner, which, in Ireland, ought to have won him the sobriquet of "Blather O'Brien;" and his stereotyped smile reminds the beholder of O'Connell's description of the "silent laughter" of Orange Peel—"sunlight on the plate of a coffin."

THE CITIZEN has honestly endeavored to avoid the exposure of this wretched man's methods, but his continued misconduct and malignity render this moral chastisement of him imperative.

DEATH OF FATHER KEEGAN.

The Rev. Father Zigler, of St. Louis, has communicated to THE CITIZEN the sad intelligence of the death of his brother priest, the Rev. James Keegan, who died on Jan. 5, after a lingering illness, at the house of his brother in Cloone, county Leitrim. Father Keegan was born in 1860, and came to America after his ordination. He was a gentleman of fine presence and of rare literary endowments. During the period of his residence in St. Louis he made a large number of friends, all of whom are much afflicted by his premature death. He left St. Louis several months ago for the benefit of his health, hoping that the genial climate of Ireland might restore his vigor. Instead, after a few weeks, he became worse and steadily declined until death ended his sufferings. A devoted patriot, his honored remains will repose in the bosom of the land he loved so well, and to which his every thought and hope were directed.

Father Keegan was a profound Irish scholar. His thorough kuowledge of the ancient forms of the language especially placed him far above all the Gaelic scholars on this continent. His translations in prose and poetry of pieces from the old Irish manuscripts are widely known. He loved the language, and believed in its power to create a new soul in Ireland. As everyone who is acquainted with his writings knows he at all times insisted on the importance of reviving, cultivating and extending it. As a means of fostering and nourishing the true spirit of Irish nationality he held that there was nothing worthy to be compared with it. To its neglect on the part of the leaders of the race in the past he attributed the failure of every movement for the redemption of Ireland and the sorry condition of her people today when the old national virtues, their chief distinguishing traits, are disappearing before "National" education, English magazine literature and English music hall songs. "O'Donovan's Grammar," he used to say, "is more potent than dynamite for the regeneration of Ireland."

For his belief in and advocacy of the neglected language of our free forefathers his early death will be mourned and his memory will be revered wherever a true Irishman finds a home. And we will pray that his soul be in eternal rest, that he may have a high place with Kieran and Columcille among the multitude of the saints of Eirinn.

THE VISCOUNT WALSH.

The recent adhesion of Viscount Walsh to the Republican regime of France, brings the personality of that gentleman prominently before the French public. The Irish people have almost as much interest in the career of this scion of the House of Walsh, as the French. His grandfather was born in the county Wexford some years before the Volunteers' Parliament of 1782 was inaugurated in College Green, Dublin. He was quite a young man when he joined the organization of the United Irishmen, and fought gallantly throughout the entire campaign of '98 in his native county as well as in those of Wicklow and Kildare. When defeat and disaster overwhelmed the national forces, he "ran the outlaws' dark career" for some months in the fastnesses of the Wicklow mountains, till hearing that Humbert and his band of gallant Frenchmen had landed in the West in order to strike a blow for Irish liberty. Walsh proceeded to Castlebar where he was informed that the French army had just surrendered. Sad at heart, he determined on leaving the shores of his native land, and effected his escape in a fishing smack to the friendly coast of France. He reached Marlaix in the spring of 1799, and owing to his military experience was given the epaulettes of second lieutenant in the French army. He followed the fortunes of Napoleon all over Europe, fighting under the Tricolor at Austerlitz, and other famous battlefields, and braving with fortitude the many hardships of the fatal invasion of Russia. He was rewarded for his services by Napoleon with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and the title of viscount.

When the Bourbons returned to power in 1815, he received an invitation to attend court, as he was connected by marriage with a Legitimist family; but he disdained to accept the invitation, and retired from the army, preferring to remain faithful to the illustrious prisoner of St. Helena rather than become the chamberlain of a Bourbon monarch. He bought the historic chateau of Chaumont, the towers of which rise from a veritable forest of trees on the pleasant banks of the Loire, near the city of Tours. Here he died at an advanced age, and left his home and property to his grandson, the present viscount—his son having died before he reached his majority. Devoted, as the venerable old rebel was to the Napoleonic cause, he had the consolation, before he passed away, of knowing that another Napoleon was occupying the French throne once more.

The chateau of Chaumont is an antique but still handsome structure, and has a history, the origin of which dates from several centuries. It was founded originally by Gueldin, a Dane, who was considered such a right good fellow that the inhabitants of the village gave him the nickname of the "diable de saumur," a neighboring hamlet where he first lived, when he came to France from Denmark. The chateau became in the course of time the property of the counts of Blois, the Ambroise family from the loins of which sprang the great Cardinal of that name; Diana de Poitiers, who was exiled from court thither, thanks to the evil influence of Catherine de Medicis, and eventually Madame de Stael, the daughter of the English historian Gibbon's first love, Madame Necker. Madame de Stael was also like Diana de Portiers exiled from court, and selected this chateau as her home. After her death on the banks of Lake Leman, it fell into the hands of the first Viscount Walsh.

The present representative of the Walsh family is very popular with his tenantry and is an ideal landlord. He has not taken much of a part in French politics, but he remained faithful to the decapitated Bonaparte dynasty till recently, when he gave up that lost cause for the Republic. He is an ardent lover of Ireland, and attends the annual St. Patrick's Day banquets of the Anciens Irlandais in Paris, where he sports a shamrock on the breast of his *redingote*. He is an old gentleman now, but he is still hale and hearty.

IT seems to THE CITIZEN that all well disposed *lay* Catholics can afford to leave the interests of the church in the hands of the prelates and priests of America. Appeals to Catholic sectarianism are just as criminal and un-American as appeals to Protestant sectarianism. We despise bigots of all creeds, more particularly (because they have less excuse), Catholic bigots. They are never found in the ranks of the Catholic clergy, which is greatly to their honor.

GROVER CLEVELAND is the biggest all-around failure of which American history makes mention.

BROTHER WILLIAM LYMAN wants us all to quit talking and fight, like men, for Ireland. All right, William, but first recruit your army and reconstruct your navy. When that is done

Then welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space,
The colors planted face to face—
The charging cheer.
Tho' death's pale horse led on the chase
Shall still be dear!

A MEMBER of the Royal Constabulary can sacrilegiously desecrate an abbey in Ireland with impunity. Constable West, though convicted of having smashed an ancient chalice stone, and altar, in the abbey of St. Finian, situated in Waterville, county Kerry, was acquitted by a Protestant majority of the magistrates on the bench two months ago. The verdict created such a scandal that it had to be reversed, but at the merely formal cost of $25 to the bigoted and malicious constable. This is a specimen of the justice that is dispensed from the bench in Ireland.

STEAD'S *Daily Paper*—to employ a suggestive bull—has died before it could be born. His elaborate scheme has fizzled itself out. His specimen copy was a cross between a country weekly and a scrap journal. The story that he received the bulk of the money he required for the starting of this great organ of the English-speaking world, is emphatically denied. Such an unsteady individual as Stead could no more edit such a colossal publication than a typical Hodge could the London *Times*.

THE archbishops, bishops, and priests of America ought to sit heavily down on the lay firebrands that are appealing to the passions of their fellow Catholics. It is bad enough to have Protestant Orangemen operating against the constitution, but Catholic Orangemen are simply disgusting. The clergy and the American constitution are sufficient to uphold Catholic interests in this country. The firebrands should be quenched.

PROFESSOR HOMAN, of St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny, has issued a pamphlet entitled "How to Utilize a Literary Society," in which he deplores the want of intellectual taste among his countrymen, and suggests remedies therefor. He quotes an aphorism to the effect "that there is another waste than the land waste—the vast amount of brains that is allowed to remain fallow in the heads of our young men."

THE "father" of the English parliament is an old gentleman named Villiers, a patriarch of ninety-two winters. Gladstone comes next in seniority.

THE Maharajah of Pazala, India, is about to visit Europe, and will be accompanied by his wife, Florence, known as the Queen of Pazala, who is an Irish lady by birth and blood—belonging, as she does, to the ancient family of the Bryans of Munster. Irishmen of the monarchical school in politics will now congratulate themselves that there is one real live Irish queen in existence. In the beginning of this century a Cork girl was the Sultana of Morocco! Wonders will never cease.

IT speaks ill for the patriotism of the Irish titled "gentry" that only three of them support the project for an Irish parliament—Lord Ffrench, the Earl of Cork, and the Earl of Cavan. The majority of Irish peers were opposed to the legislative union of 1800. How their descendants have degenerated since then!

MR. W. P. RYAN, a well known Irish litterateur residing in London, is preparing a history of the present revival of Irish literature. THE CITIZEN believes that Mr. Ryan is a little too premature in writing such a volume. As well might we expect him to write the biography of a baby in swaddling clothes. The work of the Irish Literary Society has only just begun. Glimpses of the future of that organization would be more in order. It is to be hoped that the infant society will reach its majority all right, and develop into a bright, brainy, and brawny giant of Irish intellectual thought.

THE ceremony of enthroning the Most Rev. Dr. Gregg as Protestant archbishop of Armagh, took place a week or two ago in that Cathedral city. Dr. Gregg, who was promoted from the see of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross, was popular among his Catholic fellow countrymen. The corporation of the city of Cork presented him with an address of congratulation on his promotion. The archbishop, who is a liberal-minded and progressive churchman, may be expected to convince his new Protestant flock in the Black North that the "Papists" of the South do not wear tails and are not addicted to the habit of spitting fire from their mouths on unfortunate heretics!

PRESIDENT DOLE has had a narrow escape. If the ex-queen of Hawaii had been re-installed on the throne of that little kingdom, she would have a glorious feed on his liver and kidneys. The Lily is in despair at being humbugged out of a good square meal.

WE don't like to be harsh, but when we read certain articles in some of our lay "Catholic" contemporaries we can hardly wonder at the existence of Know-nothing organizations. Professional *lay* "Catholics" are a curse to religion. The Catholic church can take care of itself without their presumptuous interference.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been on a visit to the house of Lord Chief Justice "Pether the Packer" in Dublin. What a precious pair of political poodles. "Pether" has cleverly feathered his nest, however; but Randy has become an utter failure in public life. He is no longer the rising hope of the Tories. He is played out. Balfour has superseded him.

OF the three names sent to Rome by the priests of Cloyne, Ireland, for the vacant see, that of the Rev. Canon Nelles, pastor of Youghal, is the best known to the general public, owing to the patriotic stand he took on behalf of the evicted tenantry of his parish. The Right Rev. Monsignor Brown, president of Maynooth College, is more of a scholar than a militant clergyman, while Dr. Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, who is the third on the list, has some good qualities, but is not a brilliant ecclesiastic.

IT is an eloquent commentary on the failure of Mr. Morley's policy in Ireland to find such a moderate man as Mr. T. D. Sullivan, ex-editor of the *Nation*, declaring at a meeting of the Irish National Federation in Dublin that the Gladstonian administration was being conducted too much on the old lines, and that the old Castle gang had still too much of their own way. It would take either a revolution, or a modern Hercules to clear out the Augean stables on Cork Hill; but the Irish are not ready for rebellion, and Herculeses are as rare as white blackbirds now-a-days.

FROM statistics published by the English board of trade we learn that no less than 52,000 Irish men and women emigrated from their native land during the past year. The United States, the Argentine Republic, England, Canada, and Australia have opened their gates to these latest Irish emigrants. The depopulation of Ireland unfortunately grows apace.

RUSSIA'S new census shows a population of 124,000,000, which is just twice the figures of the last census of the United States. The United States will probably have a larger population still than Russia in 1994. As an Irishman, Bishop Berkeley, said more than one hundred years ago, "Westward the course of empire holds its way."

MR. RICHARD OULAHAN.

The following extract, taken from the third volume of "The Poets of Ireland," by D. J. O'Donoghue, just published, will be interesting to the friends and admirers of the patriotic veteran to whom it refers:

"Richard Oulahan was born in North King street, Dublin, about 1825. His father was John Oulahan, a Kildare man. Richard went to New York in 1849, previous to which he contributed a few poems to the *Nation* and other journals. * * * In America he has written many poems, which mostly appeared in the *Irish-American* of New York and several other weekly and daily newspapers of that city. He served in the 149th New York Volunteers (Irish Legion) during the Civil war, holding the rank of first lieutenant, and in 1861 received an appointment in the Treasury Department at Washington. Some of his war pieces are well known."

Mr. Oulahan, it may be added, is also a favorite poetical contributor to the pages of THE CITIZEN.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, formerly lieutenant-colonel of the Third Infantry, Iowa National Guard; and Capt. Garrett J. Carroll, connected with the Hibernian Rifles for over twelve years, have been commissioned by the governor respectively lieutenant-colonel and major of the Seventh Regiment Illinois National Guard. The vacancy which occurred in Company B., by the promotion of Capt. Carroll, will be filled immediately. Company B. is known as the Sarsfield Guards, and will recruit up to the maximum of 100 men. A reunion of the regiment was held at the armory on Saturday evening, when the Irish flag donated to the regiment by the State Board of Agriculture was presented. It was announced that new uniform overcoats would be furnished to the men within a few weeks. The musical and literary programme was participated in by Lieut. O'Neill, Sergeant Hoey and Privates Carroll, Long, Tobin, O'Connor, Roe and McMenimin. The next reunion will be held on March 24.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

"IRELAND OF TOMORROW."

An Anonymous Writer in the London "Fortnightly Review" Predicts What She will be in Graphic Language.

How Parnell Managed to Rule the Irish Nation Without a Written Constitution, or Paper Government of Any Kind.

"X." in the *Fortnightly Review*, contributes an article entitled "The Ireland of Tomorrow."

The Norman conquest of England, it has been said, came to an end only with the Reform Bill of 1832. As the Normans went late to Ireland, that may account for the fact that Ireland obtained no Reform bill which reformed anything until 1885. This delay of over half a century in equalizing the representative institutions of the two islands is of importance. It kept alive into our own time most of the anomalies and artificial classifications of a parliament which had long ceased to exist, and did much to prevent the assimilation of Irish with British political methods. There was even a change for the worse in 1829, just before the great remedial legislation of Earl Grey, when O'Connell, to obtain Catholic emancipation, bartered away the rights of the forty shilling freeholder.

In every town in Catholic or Nationalist Ireland there is a considerable number of professional men, merchants and middle-class citizens generally who belong to the dominant party, attend its meetings, vote for its candidates, contribute money for its expenses, quite as if they were warmly interested in it all; yet who will confide to the intimate friend either a rooted repulsion for politics of every description, or an active scepticism as to the utility of what their party is doing. Their neighbors understand all about this, and do not as a rule resent it. The public profession of faith is the one essential thing; if that be made and outwardly maintained private disaffection is only a venial sin. In the same way the north contains proportionately almost as large a class of men whose names appear on Unionist lists, and who gave both monetary and public support to the party of their nominal adhesion, but who *sub rosa* do not mind confessing to something quite different.

These Laodcaeans in any other land would be allowed to elude the classification of canvassers, and to stand aside from the hurly-burly to their hearts' content. Every other country has its large unattached contingent in the electorate, which swings now to one side, now to the other, and imparts the charm of uncertainty to each new general election. There is no uncertainty in Ireland. Even the violent intrusion of such a disturbing factor as Parnellism in the last general election did little to disarrange the calculations of the political organizers. Weeks before the polling began the results were all foreseen by the heads of the three parties. Out of eighty contests and more the defeat of James O'Kelly in Roscommon, where he was deservedly popular, was the only outcome at all unexpected. In a small and debateable constituency like Londonderry the most anxious tally is kept of every voter. The building of a new residence, the advent of a new family, is a matter of the keenest partisan interest. During the month preceding an appeal to the country a tourist would think that canvassing was the principal industry of the town. Londonderry is merely the warmest corner in an island overheated throughout with politics.

Dublin itself is bigger than ever, and it regards the signs of its former dignity and wealth with an angry and determined eye. In the nature of things it contains a larger and more helpless class of permanently impoverished people in proportion than most of the other great cities of Europe. These people in Paris, or Rome, or Madrid, would produce Anarchists. In Dublin there are no Socialists, let alone Anarchists, who would be recognized as such on the continent. The passions which elsewhere impel desperate men to wage war upon society at large are here all turned into the channel of national politics. The miscreant Vaillant, for example, gives, in his confused and ill-balanced thoughts, no place whatever to the rights and wrongs of France as a nation. The men who now and again make an abortive chemical demonstration against Dublin Castle are thinking of nothing else but Ireland as a nation. That they are thinking criminally, and above all, stupidly, is not to the point. They are at least not throwing bombs into the stalls of a theatre because those in the stalls are well dressed, and there is in all the details of their propaganda which come to the surface no hint of any feeling against the rich and prosperous as such. That Dublin may in time have its strictly social conflict, like every other big city, is possible enough though the Irishman abroad seems thus far to have held conspicuously aloof from Anarchist movements, but there will be no room for any such development until the conflict for nationality is out of the way.

If, when that issue is settled at Westminster and the new era begins in Dublin, it is to be only the old fight over again with a permanent majority of Nationalists under another name, and a standing opposition of Unionists calling themselves something else, which is what an imitation of the English method of two parties must involve, the "moderate men" would be as completely out of it as ever. No Irishman who loves his country will desire this. The best argument in support of home rule has from the beginning been that it would give this very class an effective voice in the government of Ireland. That they will never secure, save by a system which puts them together, nominal Home Rulers and professed Unionists in the centre, flanked by a right mounting up by gradations of Toryism to the spokesmen of the Orange lodges, and by a left going off in the other direction to the extreme which Dublin or Clare will furnish. The comparison with the French chamber may seem ominous of uncertain majorities, and of haphazard ministerial defeats. But these are trivial matters beside the importance to Ireland of being able to set to work at her great task under the system best adapted to the genius of her people, and best calculated to bring into well-balanced play all the forces for regeneration which she contains within herself.

Mr. Parnell's great political success in Ireland was due to the fact that he took the responsibility for everything on his own shoulders, and was not afraid to assert his mastery. He accomplished his ends with an astonishingly small amount of paper organization. He was his own constitution, by-laws and rules, and that was what the people liked. All the numerous associations, leagues and federations which have been started in Ireland by men of Michael Davitt's type of mind, with their elaborate paraphernalia of constitutions, regulations and the like have withered away. Our National Federation today has no real life in it. The Celt does not want a constitution. He wants a man.

The new Ireland, to justify the hopes of her sons, will have to be governed by a strong ministry in what may be best termed a patriarchal fashion. In England the government keeps its hands off. In Ireland there must be a wise and comprehensive laying on of hands. It is right enough that the strong man should walk alone, but Ireland is an invalid. She needs nursing, support, and, above all, that confidence in those who have charge of her, without which any battle for life is half lost. England will be asked to help in this work to a greater extent than is just now supposed.

It seems to me broadly true that Ireland has suffered from an attempt to make her something not Irish, and that the only possible hope lies in finding for her a political structure and a social economy which are distinctly national. These may not be found, or, being found, may fail to do good, but that failure will mean that there is no hope of any kind. Home rule must involve a serious effort to Hibernicize Ireland if it is not to be merely a castle over again with another gatekeeper. The English must prepare their minds against the double shock of being asked to pay some of the bills for this renovation of seeing changes which will seem to them sheer retrogression. There will come up, for example, the advisability of encouraging the spread of religious agricultural orders to take up the work of teaching husbandry to the people. No Protestant Irish gentleman living in the Catholic parts of Ireland would oppose this plan. On the contrary, his experience would promt him to say that the more communities like that of the farmer trappists at Mount Melleray there were in Ireland, the better. But it can be imagined that a development of this nature would excite an outburst of Protestant indignation in Great Britain, and that Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell would be invited to turn in their graves.

Referring to "visible leaders" the writer has a good deal to say regarding Mr. T. M. Healy and thinks he is a man "with the most unusual and baffling combination of qualities!" and that "his mind is full of large ideas so loosely packed that small ones grow in between," but thinks that Mr. Timothy Harrington is a man of a wholly different type, and just now of a vehemently opposed school of politics, but he is almost the only other survivor of Mr. Parnell's group of young men resident in Ireland who has any record of practical achievement. He is a man of much rude force of character, and possesses marked administrative ability. It is he and not the Redmonds who represent what vitality there is in Parnellism as a faction, and who is to be counted with in Ireland's future politics. Mr. Sexton should not be forgotten. He has other qualities beside that of speech, which has given him rank among the great parliamentary orators of his time, and these would carry him far and mark him as one of the obvious rulers of the new Ireland if they were only united with a more robust self-confidence.

FATHER O'MAHONY SCORES THE "TRUE (?) WITNESS."

[*To the Editor.*]

PIPER CITY, Ill., Jan. 7.—Some kind friend sent me a copy of the *True Witness* of Montreal, defending the Aberdeens from my sarcasm, and though it is a waste of powder to let fly at such a pigmy as this "Orange-Catholic" sheet, yet for the sake of another slap at the hypocritical Aberdeens, here we are again. Lady Aberdeen claimed descent from the "O'Neils of Tyrone," but not until it might pay diplomatically, and so the story was started during the Irish Viceroyalty. Now this claim is simply not true. One of the scions of the O'Neils made an English connection, but with the female line of a Scotch grubber, never, no never. Of course it becomes the *True Witness* to bolster up such a lie, as also to assert that the Aberdeens have done so much for Ireland and the Irish. Lei us see how that comes in. Lord Aberdeen gave the "grip" to Michael Davitt, and disabled him since for service in Ireland's cause. Oh, but the Irish Industries Association. Who gets the benefit? The Aberdeens and England principally by throwing dust in the eyes of some gullible folks like the Montreal *True Witness*, and currying favor with a certain class of Irish. From 1881 to 1890 I was a missionary priest in Ireland, in Tyrone and Limerick counties, and could not find out that any deserving poor person was benetitted by the Aberdeen Association. In fact, no decent poor person in Ireland would take money or relief from a 'Souper' organization whose principals are "Presbyterians when they live in Scotland," and members of the Episcopalian church when they live in England, after the example of the Montreal *True Witness'* Queen. Lord and Lady Aberdeen probably would be Catholics in Ireland and in Montreal if the "law allowed it." I know quite enough of the Irish Industries Association to discount its charitable methods. The Aberdeens took care to attach to themselves in Ireland only "the right sort." Sometimes they seek out an evicted tenant, lodged and fed for years in a Land League hut, and then bribe him to leave the hut and desert his post of duty on consideration of sending his daughter at their Highness' expense to a dairy school. It is a cheap arrangement, the landlord can now sell the farm, the peelers and emergencymen are withdrawn, the League is made the laughing stock, and dear good Lady Aberdeen ought to be "Queen of Ireland" if this dairymaid's family relations could do it. Ex uno disce omnes; it is the same nauseous proceeding all along the line; the female hangers-on of the Aberdeens would simply be Irish peelers if they had been born for pantaloons instead of petticoats.

The *True Witness* says, killingly, the name of the locality whence Father O'Mahony comes, is very appropriate—Piper City. It is an honored locality, and takes its name from a true-born American, an able physician, Dr. Piper, now a resident in Chicago, a gentleman who fought for the Union in the Civil War, when the Aberdeens were fitting out, the Alabama, and in mean, tricky ways did all they could to destroy our glorious Republic. I wonder not that the *True Witness* licks the hand of the Aberdeens and fawns and slavers as most Irishmen deserve to do who freely chose Canada for a home, Canada, where the bloody flag of England floats too long triumphant.

BERNARD EMMET O'MAHONY.

LYMAN'S BUGLE BLAST.

Some of our editorial friends of the daily press have been making merry at the expense of Mr. William Lyman, the warlike treasurer of the Irish National League, who recently issued a proclamation calling his countrymen everywhere to arms. Mr. Charles J. Beattie, however, takes the opposite view of the case. After reading Mr. Lyman's fulmination, Mr. Beattie's enthusiasm was aroused, and he contributed the following stirring poem:

Blow the trumpet! let the bugle sound
the slogan near and far,
Call the patriots forth to battle—rouse
the brave to freedom's war.
Let the flag of the republic now forever
be unfurled—
Not the banner of a province but a Nation of the world—
Flag of Erin—land of heroes—for long
centuries oppress'd
Roll the drum for march and muster—
that her wrongs be soon redressed.
All true patriots make good soldiers—
they can fight and they can fall—
Now for Ireland and for freedom, hark!
obey the battle call.

Your country is in bondage 'neath the
tyrants' lash and chain,
Seven centuries of serfdom—must she
ever so remain?
You are men! sons of proud heroes who
have fought on field and flood,
While the despot's on your threshold do
you fear to shed his blood?
Why hesitate or scruple, then, to wield
the patriot's sword
When resistance to the tyrants is obedience to the Lord?
Let the sunburst on your banners o'er
the land and ocean flame,
There's an alien host to banish—there's
a Nation to reclaim.

Lay aside your fine petitions—put your
rhetoric away—
Your polished prayers and platitudes,
and arm for battle fray,
Ignore all petty jealousies—be patriots
and unite,
Be brothers in the battle and be heroes
in the fight,
There are siege-guns for the ramparts—
there is cannon for the field,
There's a gleaming keen-edged sabre for
each manly arm to weild,
Let each patriot seize a rifle, musket,
carbine or fusee—
Join in battle 'gainst the tyrants and the
traitors, with the free.

You've fought to free all nations from
young Chili to old Rome,
Let your warlike aspirations strike for
liberty and home.
Let the rifle's deadly rattle and the cannon's roar demand
Independence for your country—priceless freedom for your land,
Greet their vision at the sunrise with
your serried battle line,
Start their slumbers at the midnight by
explosion of the mine,
Roll the flag of the Republic round each
bosom like a scarf,
And emulate your glorious sires who
conquer'd at Clontarf.

Unfurl the Irish banner, let it flutter in
the breeze,
Wave o'er grand armies in the field—
proud navies on the seas,
Float o'er a patriot people, battling on
their native sod
For freedom, justice, hope and home—
humanity and God;
'Tis a struggle well worth risking—'tis
a die that should be cast,
Proudly muster in your manhood, "nail
your colors to the mast,"
For freedom and for country let your
bristling bayonets gleam,
There's a hireling horde to exile—there's
a people to redeem.

SAM T. JACK'S OPERA HOUSE.

Manager Jack has combined three of his road companies for the purpose of producing the current entertainment at his popular resort, securing an organization of nearly eighty people in presenting his burlesque "Old Age and Youth." The scenery, costumes, and stage mountings are fresh and new, and the presenting company thoroughly equal to the requirements of the pleasing burlesque. Many new features have been added since "Old Age and Youth" was last presented here, and new and catchy music supplied, making the entire performance fully up to the standard of excellence Manager Jack is known to maintain. The engagement of his three allied companies is for but two weeks, the last half of their stay beginning Jan. 22.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tobar Deire-an-Domhain.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Air maidin lá air na mhárach, dubhairt an sean duine, "Fuair me amach cá bh-fuil tobar Deire-an-Domhain, acht is deacair do dhul chuige; caithfimid fághail amach an bh-fuil aon mhaith tonnad leis an lub-teann." Ann sin thug sé an mac righ amach 'sa' g-coill, thug idh dhó, agus chuir marc air chrann dá fhichid slat uaidh, agus dubhairt leis a bhualadh. Tharraing sé an ídh agus bhuail an marc. "Deunfaidh tu an gnó," ar san sean duine. Ann sin chuaidh siad aisteach agus chaithseadar an lá ag innsint sgeul. An uair thainig dorchadas na h-oidhche thug an sean duine idh agus punnann gath geur dó, agus dubhairt, "Tar liom anois." Bhidheadar ag imtheacht go d-tancadar go h-abhainn mhóir. Ann sin dubhairt an sean duine, "Téidh air mo dhruim, agus snámhfad thar an abhainn leat, acht má fheiceann tu eun mór ag teacht, marbh é, no béidhmid caillte."

Ann sin chuaidh an mac righ air dhruim an t-sean-duine agus thoisigh an sean duine ag snámh. An uair bhi siad i lár na h-aibhne, chonnairc an mac righ iolar mór ag teacht agus a ghob fosgailte. Tarraing an mac righ idh agus loit sé an t-iolar. "Ar bhuail tu it?" ar san sean duine. "Bhuail mé i," ar san mac righ, "acht té sí teacht aris." Tharraing sé an idh an dara h-uair agus thuit an t-iolar marbh. An uair thancadar go talamh dubhairt an sean duine, "Támaoid air oileán thobair Deire-an-Domhain, tá an bhaiarioghain 'nna codladh acht ní dhdisceochaidh sí go lá agus bliadhain: ni theidheann sí 'nna codladh acht aon uair amháin i seacht m-bliadhnaibh. Tá leómhan, agus uilipheist ag faire ag geata an tobair, acht téidheann siad 'nna g-codladh 'san am ceudna leis an m-bainrioghain, agus ni bhéidh aon deacras agad le dul go d-ti an tobar. Seo dhuit dá bhuideul; lion ceann acu dhuit féin agus an ceann eile dhamhsa, agus deunfaidh sé fear óg diom."

D'imthigh an mac righ, agus an uair chuaidh sé suas chomh fada leis an g-caisleán chonnairc sé an leómhan agus an uilipheist, 'nna g-codladh air gach taoibh de'n n-geata. Ann sin chonnairc sé rotha mór ag cathadh suas uisge as an tobar, agus chuaidh sé agus lion sé an dá bhuideul, agus bhi a' teacht air ais an uair chonnairc sé solas lonnrach 'sa' g-caisleán. D'fheuch sé astoach tríd an bh-fuinneóig agus chonnairc sé bórd mór. Bhi bullin arán, buideul, sgian, agus glaine air. Lion sé an glaine acht nior laghduigh sé án buideul.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

IRISH NEWS.

For the twelve months ending Dec. 30, 1893, the total amount of duties collected through the Dublin Customs was £922,865, as against £921,519 for 1892.

On Wednesday, Jan. 3, forty-three parish priests of the diocese of Cloyne met at the Cathedral, Queenstown, and nominated the following clergymen for the vacant diocese of Cloyne, in succession to the late Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy: Very Rev. D. Canon Kelleher, P. P., of Youghal, dignissimus; Right Rev. Mgr. Browne, president St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, dignior; Most Rev. Dr. William Fitzgerald, bishop of Ross, dignue. These nominations will go before the bishops of Munster, under the presidency of the archbishop of Cashel; then to the council of the propaganda, and finally to the sovereign pontiff for confirmation.

Mr. Cornelius Redmond, of the Waterford *News*, was seriously injured Jan. 6 by being accidentally thrown from a car, while on his way from New Ross to Waterford.

The Very Rev. Canon Jeremiah McEvilly, P.P., Dunmore, county Galway, died at the parochial residence on Wednesday evening, Jan. 4. Speaking of the reverend gentleman the Mayo *News* says: "Canon McEvilly, who was a brother of his grace the Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly, was one of the oldest and most respected priests in the diocese of Tuam. He was born at Louisburgh. He read his course of theology in Maynooth Colleges, and was ordained priest in 1853. He spent the earlier years of his priesthood as curate in the parishes of Newport, Knock, Robeen and Annagh, and in each of these parishes he has left lasting monuments of piety and zeal. The first parish committed to his charge was that of Aughagower, where he built a parochial residence and several schools. He was transferred to Dunmore in the year 1882."

The lord lieutenant has commuted the death sentence passed upon John Couran at the Leinster winter assizes, for the murder of his wife and servant, to penal servitude for life.

Mr. T. H. Deane, teller of the National Bank in Limerick, has been appointed manager of the Rathkeale branch.

Two young ladies, Miss Donnelly and Miss Farrell, residing at Montgomery street, Carlow, had a very narrow escape from drowning, Jan. 7. They went to slide on the ice of the river Barrow opposite the gas house, where the water is deep. The ice broke and they sank within a few yards of the bank. They would certainly have drowned but for the gallant action of Mr. Paul A. Brown, a well known solicitor, who, seeing their danger, promptly threw off his coat and plunged in after them.

The amount involved in carrying out the new waterworks project in Tramore will be about £6,000.

The Swinford correspondent of the *Western People* announces the death of Mr. P. J. Durkin, P.L.G., of that place. The deceased sat as guardian for a term of over ten years, and was an able financier, a friend of the poor, and an honest representative of the ratepayers. He was a personal friend snd acquaintance of the late P. W. Nally, they having grown up as boys together and preserved a warm friendship through life.

There was a large assemblage in the rooms of the National Literary Society, Dublin, on Thursday, Jan. 1, says the *Irish Independent*, to hear the veteran patriot, John O'Leary, read some extracts from his unpublished memoirs. Mr. O'Leary had promised to favor the society in this way some time ago, and probably no event of the society's session had been looked forward to with such eager interest by its members. Everyone felt that to hear the old rebel who had dared and suffered so much for Ireland, read even a little from the story of his life, would be an experience of uncommon interest. The inclemency of the weather, however, prevented Mr. O'Leary from attending in person, but he sent his apologies and the MS of the earlier portion of his memoirs to be read by some member of the society. Mr. Louis E. O'Carroll, B.L., undertook, at the request of the members of the council present, the reading of the manuscript, which dealt with the early days of Mr. O'Leary, and his first impulse towards ardent nationality, derived from the essays of Thomas Davis. Mr. O'Leary goes on to telf of his connection with the '48 movement, bringing in interesting sketches of Meagher of the Sword, the uncompromising, brilliant and peerless Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, most gentlemanly revolutionist; Father Kenyon, almost unknown to fame at the present day, yet a man of wonderful influence among his contemporaries; James Finton Lalor, who is dealt with at some length; Terence Bellew McManus, and many others less known to to the present generation. Then there is an account of Mr. O'Leary's attempt at a rescue of Mitchel along with some others, and many various things of absorbing interest that are told with wonderful vividness, and in that fine literary style for which the old man is famous among the elect of Irish literture.

The Very Rev. Canon Peter Geraghty, P.P., Bekan, died at his residence on the 6th inst.

A boy named Alfred Brown, 10 Charlemont Mall, Dublin, was drowned in Portobello harbor, Jan. 7, having broken through the ice while sliding.

At a Petty Sessions court, held at Waterville, county Kerry, Jan. 5, Constable Edward West, Ballyduff, county Waterford, was prosecuted by the Crown for having on the 8th of last October, in the abbey of St. Finian, near Waterville, maliciously damaged an ancient chalice stone and altar in the ruins of the abbey. The case was heard about two months ago and dismissed. The decision created dissatisfaction among the people of the district, and the matter having been brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Sexton a fresh prosecution was ordered. A fine of £5, with costs and compensation, was imposed.

It is announced that the Earl of Bessborough will be appointed lord lieutenant of the county Kildare in room of the late Duke of Leinster.

A public meeting will be held in Cork on Feb. 1, in support of the evicted tenants, at which a demand will be made that the government state definitely at the opening of the coming session what they intend to do for the evicted tenants and when they intend to do it.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

BALLADE.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

It strikes on my soul with a sweet
Gentle stir and melodious thrill,
Its strains lie unhushed and repeat
Their theme like a wild mountain rill
That communes with the vale and the
hill
In tones of unceasing regard,
So sings to my spirit its fill,
The harp of the old Irish bard.

I have waked with the morning to greet
The skylark's joy-ambient trill,
I have wandered at twilight to meet
The ode of the sad whip-poor-will
In the grove by the old ruined mill
While the far purple sky grew enstarred,
But there murmured in memory still,
The harp of the old Irish bard.

With genius and beauty replete
Its harmonies charmingly spill
The dew of their love and entreat
The soul to their cadence, until
The world is dissevered from ill
And the griefs that infest and retard,—
All due to this conjurer's skill,
The harp of the old Irish bard.

ENVOY—

Prince, muse not forlorn at the sill
Of thy window, a sad Abelard,
Attune to thy cold Amaryl
The harp of the old Irish bard.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR.

Over Three-fourths of Russia's Total Force Massed on the German Frontier.

In the December number of *Blackwood's Magazine* Gen. Sir Archibald Allison draws attention to the fact that while France has been increasing her army more rapidly than Germany, she has now about come to the end of her tether; while Germany, though she has been moving at a slower pace, is able to continue her present rate of progress for many years to come. We are, in the opinion of this authority, slowly but surely progressing towards a "war of giants." That the struggle will find Russia and France on the one side, and Germany, Austria, and Italy on the other, is, he considers, evident from the present localization of the various forces.

Referring to the Russian army, Sir Archibald finds that out of a total force of nearly 1,000,000 men, 784,000 are massed on the German frontier and in the reserve behind it; while Odessa and the Crimea are held and Constantinople watched by only 80,000; and the Caucasus occupied and the Turkish frontier in Asia Minor observed by 50,000; while in the whole of Transcaspia, along the Afghan and Chinese frontiers, there are only 51,000; and on and about the Sea of Japan some 12,000.

From a general survey of the disposition of Russia's forces, Sir Archibald Allison comes to the conclusion—first, that she is straining every nerve to mass men on her Polish frontier, so as to be able, in conjunction with France, to crush Germany, even though aided by flanking Austria and distant Italy; next, that until this contest is over, Russia has determined to give up designs on Constantinople; and, finally, that she has no present intention of making any move upon Afghanistan or India.

Further than this, Sir Archibald regards it as certain that Russia never really intended to undertake such a distant and difficult enterprise as that of moving a force sufficient to seize our Indian Empire through the inhospitable and hostile country of Afghanistan. What she will probably do, in his opinion, before making her great move is to endeavor to induce us to believe that she is really about to invade India, so as to chain our large European force there to that country.

When the German system attains its full development Sir Archibald estimates that her available trained force for war will reach the enormous number of 4,300,000 men. At present he reckons that the dual alliance (France and Russia) has in peace 362,000 men under arms more than the triple alliance (Germany, Austria, and Italy), but that the latter has in war the superiority by 503,000.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
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Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
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ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction furnished Free of Charge.
Room 64, 95 Washington St.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership heretofore existing between Adolph Schwerin, Leopold Pincoffs and John Silha (said firm being engaged in the business of manufacturing clothing) is this day dissolved by mutual consent, Leopold Pincoffs succeeding to said business, and to whom all accounts due said firm should be paid, and who assumes all indebtedness. John Silha and Adolph Schwerin withdrawing from said firm.

(Signed) ADOLPH SCHWERIN,
LEOPOLD PINCOFFS,
JOHN SILHA.

Chicago, December 23 A. D. 1893.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF JOHN MASTERS, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John Masters, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A.D. 1894, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, January 2, 1894.

MARY MASTERS,
Administratrix of said estate.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Mary Hughes, administratrix of the estate of John W. Hughes, deceased, vs Margaret Hughes, James Hughes, John Thomas Hughes, William Hughes, Katie Hughes, and George Hughes, Nellie Hughes, Alice Hughes, and Stella Hughes, minors, and Frederick J. Schrier, Willoughby S. Lockwood, William J. Strickland and The Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, a corporation, etc.

(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.)

Public notice is hereby given that by virtue of a decretal order made and entered of record in the above entitled cause by the Probate Court of Cook County, in the State of Illinois, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1894, the undersigned Mary Hughes, administratrix of said estate, will sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder, for cash, on Thursday, the first (1st) day of March, A. D. 1894, at the hour of eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 59 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, all the right, title and interest which was of the said John W. Hughes, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, situated in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot two hundred and eighty-seven (287) in Fowler's re-subdivision of part of the Southside Homestead Association addition, in section nine (9), township thirty-eight (38) north, range fourteen (14), east of the third (3d) principal meridian, to pay the debts of said estate, and costs of administration of said estate, accrued and to accrue. Said real estate will be sold subject to a mortgage, dated August 23, 1892, given by said John W. Hughes and Margaret Hughes his wife, to the Free Home Building Loan and Homestead Association, to secure the note of said John W. Hughes, of even date with said mortgage, for the sum of $2,500.00; subject also to the dower rights therein, of Margaret Hughes, widow of said John W. Hughes, deceased.

No deed will be delivered until the report of sale is confirmed by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, January 25, 1894.

MARY HUGHES,
Administratrix of the Estate of John W. Hughes, deceased.

David Sullivan, Attorney.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHOLIC man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

THE PIONEER.

If I could flute, O thrush, like you,
I'd swing upon the hedge
And trill a pastoral strong and true
About the maul and wedge—

The gnarled maul my grandsire swung
And made the forest boom
While his good wife a-spinning sung
Or swayed across the loom.

Oh, hark! I hear his rhythmic stroke
On glut or wedge descend
What time the fragrant logs of oak,
Resisting, crack and rend.

Give him a song, the brave and true,
Him of the wedge and maul,
Whose hero heart and hand could do
The drudgery for us all!

Oh, high on honor's eminence
His lonely cabin rose;
He burst grand boles to build the fence
That circled freedom's close.

He was a giant, and he tore
Our roadway with his hand;
Across the wild frontiers he bore
The burden of the land.

Give him, the brave old pioneer,
A century closing song,
The whole choir sing, the nation cheer,
A hundred million strong!

—Maurice Thompson in Youth's Companion.

SUNKEN GOLD.

Very likely the reader has often heard of it, but until I was sent for by a firm of London marine contractors with reference to it I knew nothing of the famous shipwreck of the British mail steamer Pondicherry off the Chinese coast.

It seems that in the year 1856 the Pondicherry, en route from London to Shanghai with a cargo of goods and £50,000 sterling in treasure, ran upon a sunken ledge off Cape Yang-Tse in a thick fog. The steamer rested upon the rocks long enough to enable the passengers and crew to get off, and then she parted amidships.

The forward portion rolled inside the ledge into comparatively shallow water and was easily reached, but the after part went down into very deep water outside, and no trace of it could be found.

Unfortunately it was the after part of the wreck which contained the bullion room, and with it £50,000 in English gold had gone out of sight, seemingly forever.

That is to say, it was still out of sight when, 30 years after the Pondicherry was wrecked, I was summoned to the office of Barbold & Co., in London, and asked if I could go to Shanghai. I suppose my good luck in getting up, from a depth of more than 25 fathoms, a great part of the treasure that went down with a transatlantic steamer off the Azores had something to do with the call I received from Barbold & Co. The newspapers were full of it at the time.

Of course I was ready to go to Shanghai or to the north pole if I received my transportation thither and a fair remuneration. Within a week I embarked, with my diving apparatus, for China.

Our little expedition was in charge of Captain John Reese, an enterprising Welshman. My companion diver, George Cowles, accompanied us, and with us went several other men and a good deal of apparatus. We chartered a tug at Shanghai and proceeded down the coast to the scene of the Pondicherry's wreck.

We found that, owing to the dangerous character of the ledges here, it was impossible to work from the steamer. We had to send back the tugboat and replace it with a large, open whaleboat, propelled only by oars, in which we set up our windlass and other apparatus.

I put on my diving dress—a close one, of course, inclosing the whole body—and a new helmet of the improved pattern, provided with three plate glass windows and outlet and inlet valves at the back.

I went down slowly to a depth of about 140 feet before I found the bottom. It was as rough and rocky as the reef at the surface.

I had great difficulty in moving about and working at this depth. The pressure was tremendous. I felt much as old Atlas must have felt when he had the world on his shoulders—only the pressure was all over me instead of merely on my shoulders. The humming in my ears was like a dozen triphammers working all at once.

However, I got used to it after a little. Presently, prowling about with my lamp, I saw dimly, not 15 feet away, a great dark object which evidently was not a rock.

I lunged slowly toward it—one can almost walk in the water at such a depth—and saw the object take the form of the stern of a vessel. Coming right against it, I made out four raised letters, Pond——

All the rest of the steamer's name had been knocked off somehow, probably when she made her rough descent into the deep, but that was enough. I felt as light as a feather for about five minutes.

I looked the wreck over a little and then started slowly up to the surface to report to Reese and get Cowles to come down and help me.

After he had joined me we ripped up the deck, blew out a quantity of wreckage with a submarine cartridge and opened a passage straight down to the treasure room. Then I set at work alone taking out the boxes of bullion, which I sent up by a rope worked upon the windlass in the boat above.

Though it was thrilling work to lift out these solid boxes of sovereigns, I am afraid it would not be interesting to tell the story of our toil for the next two days.

But we worked steadily on—only two or three hours a day, the pressure was so terrible—excited by the thought of the thousands of pounds we were getting up from the bottom of the sea, though but a small share of it was to be ours.

One day, just after I had got down and had begun my work in the bullion room, I felt a great jerking on the life line attached to my waist. Jerk! jerk! The rope was drawn in hard, quick pulls that once or twice quite lifted me off my feet.

I thought at first that a shark was taking a series of headers against the line, but presently, by the steadiness of the pulls and a certain kind of human nervousness that was in them, I made out that I was being signaled from above to come up, though the pull was not the come up signal that had been agreed upon.

While I was getting ready, in no good humor, to ascend, I felt myself suddenly raised and drawn up quickly through the water. Then, I confess, I was frightened. To draw up a diver quickly from such a depth is ordinarily certain death to him. He must rise slowly and accustom himself by successive stages to the change of pressure.

I signaled desperately by jerks upon the rope, and for a moment the upward pull ceased. I collected my senses and began to rise slowly.

Then the jerking and pulling began again. I jerked the line impatiently, but was again lifted rapidly through the water.

"Have they all gone crazy up there?" I said to myself, my own words roaring in my ears and mixing with the terrible ringing and hammering that the rapid lightening of the pressure was beginning to cause, but meantime I was somewhat reassured by the fact that they were giving me air with the pump.

I felt faint and struggled as desperately as I could to prevent my unseen and unknown enemies from dragging me upward to suffocation and perhaps death, but of course it was in vain.

Then I felt myself jerked sidewise and pulled rapidly through the water laterally as well as upward. Then a strangely agreeable sensation came over me. I felt as if I were walking on air. The hammering in my ears was pitched at a higher and higher key. Then my senses reeled, and I was unconscious.

I do not like to deal in mysteries. I had simply fainted away as the result of being drawn upward quickly, instead of regulating my own ascent, and of not getting enough air. Unlucky for me, as it seemed when I opened my eyes, I had not parted company with my consciousness for good and all, and that fact proved that they were getting air to me. I came to my senses at the surface and found myself half out of the water, half in it, still in my diving suit.

I was being drawn backward through the water, and through the front window of my helmet I saw the strangest sight that ever met my eyes.

Not 40 rods away, and plowing toward me, were a great many vessels of singular construction, having tall sails that looked to me like the side of an outstretched accordion, and upon the prow of every boat was painted a huge, staring eye, with black streaks diverging from it.

The more I looked at these strange objects the more I became convinced that they were Chinese junks, such as I had seen a few days before in the Woosung river off Shanghai. On the forward junks I saw several armed men gesticulating wildly. They were evidently Chinamen, and they were greatly excited.

After watching their movements for a few moments, it occurred to me that the men were acting as if they did not like my appearance. If it were possible, I might even have supposed that they were afraid of me, but the fact that they were pursuing me at a good rate of speed shut out any such supposition as that.

As I rose upon a crest of a wave, and at the same instant came into a position almost erect, I was astonished to see, behind these vessels in advance, a large fleet of others like them.

Then the whole situation flashed upon me. The vessels which were pursuing me were manifestly pirate junks, which at that time occasionally swarmed up, seemingly out of nowhere, in the Chinese seas. While I had been at the bottom, this fleet of pirates had suddenly hove in sight around the cape. There were, in fact, 200 or 300 junks.

The people in our boat, when they saw the pirates swoop down upon them, had no course but to take to flight. But what were they to do with me down there at the bottom? It was a wonder they did not cut my lifeline and leave me to my fate. As the laws of human conduct go, they would have been justified in sacrificing my life in order to save their own.

I learned all this afterward, when Cowles told me how he stood at the gunwale with his revolver in one hand, keeping the men off the line, while with the other hand he now jerked crazily at the rope to signal me, and now worked the airpump.

Then, with all hands at the oars that could grasp them, they bore away for the forts of the Woosung. Of course they really had no chance to get there. They were 10 men in a big whaleboat, with a weight of machinery and gold, and dragging behind them a man from the bottom of the sea, and they were chased by a fleet of pirates, sailing on a quartering but very good breeze.

Meantime I was being dragged through the water on my back. Through my bit of plate glass I could see the pirates in advance, who seemed to be bearing down upon me rapidly.

The more I realized the situation the more frightened I became. Our men could never row away from those junks. They would overhaul me first, and when they had done that the men in the boat would cut me off. Then I should drown in a moment from the water rushing into the air pipe and through the inlet valve into my breastplate.

I own that I hoped the boys would do that very thing—my situation was so horrible. And I actually welcomed a little dash of water that I got in my face, though my heart stopped beating for an instant when I felt the water. But it was only a little which I shipped through the outlet air valve.

When the pirates should have overhauled me, they would go on after the boat and the recovered treasure, the taking up of which they must have somehow got wind of, though they knew nothing of diving. I hoped from my heart that the boys had already thrown the gold overboard—though what should happen after my air pipe was cut was of very little consequence to me.

I came upon another full view of the fleet from the top of the wave. I could see the pirates looking at me as their sailing craft steadily overhauled me. Their black eyes were almost bursting from their sockets as they looked at me. It occurred to me that they were frightened at something.

I went under a wave again, and the whole scene was out of sight for two or three minutes.

When I came to the surface again, and saw the same thing—pale visaged Chinamen and the staring round eyes painted on the bows of their vessels bearing down on me—the truth flashed upon me. The pirates had taken me for the demon of the ocean, which they are always fearing and fighting away, with offerings and incantations, on board their junks.

A man in a diving suit—especially flat on his back in the water that way—was a new sight to them. I had simply frightened them out of their wits.

There was my great, glittering head of red copper, three times as large as the head of an ordinary man. In its front was a big staring eye of plate glass, with a bright brass ring around it. My ears were represented by two more glass windows with a sort of barred grating over them.

Then there was my bulging breastplate of tinned copper, which helped to carry out the impression of some fabulous monster. Occasionally I kicked my legs out of the water; they were incased in thick black sheet india rubber, and my feet were clad in very thick soled boots.

My hands, protected at the wrists with tightly fitting india rubber cuffs, were free. They were the only portion of my body that was visible, and the only thing about me probably which suggested my human character. But no doubt they had the effect to scare the Chinamen the more. But for the hands, they might have imagined I was some sort of marine monster. Now they were sure that I was the dreadful demon.

As soon as I become possessed of this idea, I resolved to make the most of it. I began to throw my arms wildly about, to kick vigorously with my feet and to roll my head from side to side.

The effect was marvelous. On the top of another wave I could see that the whole fleet was breaking away to starboard—and running free, straight out into the east China sea.

Before long the whole fleet was getting well to seaward and leeward of us. I got a little more water through the air pipe just here and had some little difficulty in breathing, but at the same time I felt myself pulled with a new movement.

I guessed what was the cause of it. The boys in our boat had ceased to give all their attention to rowing, and for the first time since they got under way began to pull me in with the lifeline. Presently, rolling over, I saw the gunwale of the whaleboat just in front and was hauled aboard.

It did not take me a half minute, with George Cowles' help, to get my helmet off, and to breathe the open air with a deep breath.

It was like a starving man taking too much food all at once. I felt faint, but the sight of Cowles' honest face bending over me revived me.

"Thank God, man, you're alive!" said he.

"I was afraid," said John Reese, whom I saw next, "that you'd saved our lives at the expense of your own."

"Did I—did I save your lives?" I asked, still a little dazed.

"That's the very thing you've done," said Reese. "You've scared that pack of pirates back to their dens with your old goggle eye. Such a sight as you made on the water they never saw before, and they'll never forget it. You were the demon that the cowardly dogs are always looking for, and they turned tail and went off with the wind, like a flock of swifts."

"We may thank your mate here," one of the men spoke up, "for saving our life with yours, at the p'int of his revolver."

But Cowles, modest and self deprecating, as brave men always are, pretended that he did it all to save his own life. He saw how it all would be, he said, and he merely resolved to keep me there for a scarecrow.

Our boys made good time with their oars and got under the guns at the Woosung forts before midnight. Before daylight every box of the Pondicherry's recovered gold was safe in the locker of a British man-of-war in Shanghai harbor.—Walter Bagehot in Youth's Companion.

Decline of Corn Bread.

It is with extreme regret that I view the passing of the old fashioned Kentucky corn bread. For the last few years its decadence has been steady and sure. The march of progress has about "scrouged it aside, and the improved, new fangled methods of modern milling have had the effect to almost banish it from our bills of fare. It is true we yet have corn bread, but it is not of the good, old fashioned kind. On the contrary, it is very little like it. Bread made from the meal now on the market is damp and clammy as the hand of a corpse, and when cold is hard enough to play baseball with. The old time flavor is gone, and it in no wise compares with the old burr made meal.—Letter in Bowling Green (Ky.) Times.

King James II.

The following is a characteristic extract from the manuscript diary of King James II of England, preserved in the Imperial library of Paris: "I did not retire from the battle on the Boyne from a sense of fear, but that I might preserve to the world a life that I felt was destined to future greatness."

AS THE BIRDS SOAR.

THEY POINT TO NOVEL IDEAS OF MECHANICAL IMPORTANCE.

Bodies Weighing Ten Pounds Float in the Air For Hours Without Apparent Effort. Testimony of a Professor of the Smithsonian Institution.

It has long been observed that certain species of birds maintain themselves indefinitely in the air by soaring, without any flapping of the wing or any motion other than a slight rocking of the body, and this although the body in question is many hundred times denser than the air in which it seems to float with an undulating movement as on the waves of an invisible stream.

No satisfactory mechanical explanation of this anomaly has been given, and none would be offered in this connection by the writer were he not satisfied that it involves much more than an ornithological problem, and that it points to novel conclusions of mechanical and utilitarian importance. They are paradoxical at first sight, since they imply that under certain specified conditions very heavy bodies entirely detached from the earth, immersed in and free to move in the air, can be sustained there indefinitely without any expenditure of energy from within.

These bodies may be entirely of mechanical construction, but for the present we will continue to consider the character of the invisible support of the soaring bird and to study its motions, though only as a pregnant instance offered by nature, to show that a rational solution of the mechanical problem is possible.

It is frequently suggested by those who know these facts only from books that there must be some quivering of the wings so rapid as to escape observation. Those who do know them from observation are aware that it is absolutely certain that nothing of the kind takes place, and that the birds sustain themselves on pinions which are quite rigid and motionless, except for a rocking or balancing movement, involving little energy.

To the writer, who has himself been attracted from his earliest years to the mystery which has surrounded this action of the soaring bird, it has been a subject of continual surprise that it has attracted so little attention from physicists. That nearly inert bodies, weighing from five to ten and even more pounds, and many hundred times denser than the air, should be visibly suspended in it above our heads, sometimes for hours at a time, and without falling—this, it might seem, is, without misuse of language, to be called a physical miracle, and yet the fact that those whose province it is to investigate nature have hitherto seldom thought it deserving attention is perhaps the greater wonder.

The writer will not attempt any general description of his own observations, but as an illustration of what can sometimes be seen will give a single one, to whose exactness he can personally witness. The common turkey buzzard (Cathartes aura) is so plentiful around the environs of Washington that there is rarely a time when some of them may not be seen in the sky, gliding in curves over some attractive point or—more rarely—moving in nearly straight lines on rigid wings, if there be a moderate wind. On the only occasion when the motion of one near at hand could be studied in a very high wind, the author was crossing the long aqueduct bridge over the Potomac in an usually violent November gale, the velocity of the wind being probably over 35 miles an hour. About one-third of the distance from the right bank of the river, and immediately over the right parapet of the bridge, at a height of not over 20 yards, was one of these buzzards, which, for some object which was not evident, chose to keep over this spot, where the gale, undisturbed by any surface irregularities, swept directly up the river with unchecked violence. In this aerial torrent, and apparently indifferent to it, the bird hung, gliding in the usual manner of its species, round and round, in a small oval curve, whose major axis—which seemed toward the wind—was not longer than twice its height from the water. The bird was therefore at all times in close view. He swung around repeatedly, rising and falling slightly in its course, while keeping, as a whole, on one level and over the same place, moving with a slight swaying, both in front and lateral direction, but in such an effortless way as suggested a lazy yielding of itself to the rocking of some invisible wave.

It may be asserted that there was not only no flap of the wing, but not the quiver of a wing feather visible to the closest scrutiny during the considerable time the bird was under observation, and during which the gale continued.

A record of this time was not kept, but it at any rate lasted until the writer, chilled by the cold blast, gave up watching and moved away, leaving the bird still floating about at the same height in the torrent of air, in nearly the same circle and with the same aspect of indolent repose.

If the wind is such a body as it is commonly supposed to be, it is absolutely impossible that the sustentation could have taken place in a horizontal current any more than in a calm, and yet that the ability to soar is in some way connected with the presence of the wind became to the writer as certain as any fact of observation could be, and at first the difficulty of reconciling such facts—to him undoubted—with accepted laws of motion seemed quite insuperable.—Professor Langley.

Boston Culture.

Mr. Wheeler—I suppose the great and mysterious Robert has many admirers in Boston, Miss Emerson?

Miss Emerson—Why, yes, Mr. Wheeler—even the beans go through a course of Browning before they come to the table.—P. & S. S. Co. Bulletin.

Disinfection After Disease.

The disinfection of houses after the occurrence of infectious disease is often a matter of great trouble and inconvenience as well as a serious expense, and anything which tends to lessen these deserves our consideration. Under present conditions the room itself has to be fumigated with sulphurous acid vapor, the floors and woodwork have to be washed with some disinfecting solution, the walls have to be washed down and repapered, and the bedding has to be sent to some special disinfector or chemical purifier. By the use, however, of formalin—which is really a 40 per cent solution of formaldebyde in water—in the form both of vapor and spray, the bedding, furniture and walls can be thoroughly disinfected and rendered perfectly innocuous. The colors of papers, silks, satins, plushes, etc., are quite unaffected both by the vapor and the spray, and this adds very materially to its value, while the effect is said to be stronger than that of carbolic acid, sulphurous acid, chlorine or bromine. For spraying it may be used in the proporiton of two, four or eight drams to the gallon of water. For the fumigation of mattresses a little of the pure formalin should be placed, say, on a vaporizer under the bed, and to prevent too great diffusion of the vapor the lower part of the bed—that is, the legs—should be thoroughly covered in with paper. When one side is thoroughly done, the mattress should be turned and the fumigation repeated. I may say that I have tried this method and have been satisfied with the results. — London Lancet.

Waterproofing Cloth.

An account is given in Romen's Journal of Doring's process for waterproofing cloth, by which such satisfactory results are obtained, when the tissue is subjected to a precipitate of salts of the fatty acids. The cloth is passed into a special machine, in which it is saturated with aluminium acetate, dried and passed into a soap beck. A basic compound being necessary, equal weights of salts of aluminium and lead are employed, and care is taken not to introduce too large quantities of free acid with the aluminium sulphate, since the latter contains always a certain quantity of sulphuric acid, which, during desiccation, displaces the acetic acid. To avoid this inconvenience, they are added per liter from 10 to 80 grams of soda. The most favorable temperature is 50 degrees, and steam heat direct is avoided. In preparing the soap bath the fact is utilized that an aqueous solution of soap forms true solutions with mixtures of fat and resins, wax, mineral oils, and even caoutchouc, and to this end a 10 per cent solution of gum paraguay in oil of turpentine is taken. The proportions employed for a square meter of cloth are 30 grams tallow soap, 25 japan wax, 1.5 gum paraguay, 1 gram good varnish. The wax is first melted, the gum and varnish added, and for each kilo of solid is put 0.5 grams of a solution, saturated in heat, of potassium sulphide. The mixture is stirred and boiled, when sulphureted hydrogen is liberated; a boiling solution of soap is added, when the bath is fit for use.

Cannibalistic Scorpions.

During many years of scorpion hunting I never remember to have seen two individuals living together in amity, and even their more tender relations are tainted at times with the unamiable habit of cannibalism. The males are decidedly smaller than their mates, whom they approach accordingly with the utmost caution. If the fair inamorata doesn't like the looks of her advancing suitor she settles the question offhand by making a murderous spring at him, catching him in her claws, stinging him to death, and making a hearty meal off him. This is scarcely loverlike. On the other hand, if a dubious wife, the female scorpion is a devoted mother. She hatches her eggs in her own oviduct, brings forth her young alive—unlike her relations, the spiders—and carries them about on her back, to the number of 50, during their innocent childhood, till they are of an age to shift for themselves in the struggle for existence.—Cornhill Magazine.

Traveling In Ancient India.

Journeys in India a century ago were sleepy, lengthy and withal expensive luxuries. It was naturally a serious business to get to and from Europe, and masters of sailing vessels were, it seems, inclined to make their charges exorbitant to their luckless passengers. The honorable East India company, in its paternal relation to its servants, issued warnings, commands and regulations on the subject, but apparently with little result. At last a table was drawn up, wherein it was stated that, while general officers should pay £250 for their passage, an ensign should only pay £105 and a cadet £70. Commanders were warned that if by any ways or means, directly or indirectly, they should take or receive further sums of money for the same they should pay to the company, for the use of the Poplar hospital, treble the sum so taken.—Exchange.

A Wedding Ring In India.

The wedding ring in India is an immense nose ring which often hangs below the girl's chin. A beautiful little girl of 12 years was presented an elegant ring. Her father informed her that it was the gift of the husband, who was coming next week to the wedding feast. There is little or no ceremony, merely a grand feast and an exchange of presents. Upon the day appointed the little one, bedecked with jewels, arrayed in handsome clothing, in all her beauty, stepped forward to meet the bridegroom whom she had never seen. Behold, he was white with leprosy! Turning an appealing glance toward her father, who frowningly motioned her to advance, she approached the leper. A priest mumbled a few words, threw a sash over their heads, and they were man and wife. Oh, India!—New York Advertiser.

TYPICAL KENTUCKIANS.

Some Caustic Comments About the Specimens Pictured In Dime Novels.

There are, no doubt, a good many worthy people who advise folks against moving to Kentucky, because their typical Kentuckian is a blossom nosed fire eater, who goes about with his trousers stuck into cowhide boots, a slouch hat staggering over his eyes, a whisky flask protruding from one pocket, a revolver from another and a bowie knife from the bootleg. Their representative Kentuckian kills a man every morning for breakfast and goes to bed every night too gloriously drunk to take his clothes off. They divide Kentuckians into two classes—the horse racers and the feud fighters. They consult dime novel accounts of the mountain vendettas as authorities on Kentucky life, and they accept and disseminate the opinion that Kentucky is a good place for a man of peaceful inclinations to stay away from.

Another picture of the Kentuckian, less uncomplimentary, but as an average type scarcely less untrue to life, is that of the old Kentucky gentleman whose religion it is to "love a hoss and cuss a nigger," who has highly wrought notions of gallantry, wraps himself in an atmosphere of romance and chivalry, worships the memory of Henry Clay, has no occupation in life beyond swapping stories, playing poker and sipping mint juleps, and is in all respects a harmless, kindly, blustering, inane, indolent, boastful and utterly impracticable member and type of a somnolent society.

The fault of the seeker after types is the disposition to generalize on too slight a foundation. Such men as these there are in Kentucky. The feud fighter is here, though we have quieted him by hanging or imprisoning his fellow outlaw. He chiefly lives now in the impossible romances which space writers have woven about as cowardly a set of assassins as ever skulked behind a rock or fired an undefended mountain cabin. The fine old Kentucky gentleman is here, too, and may there be to him and his peace and plenty in the mellow evening of a kindly life. The younger sons of Kentucky honor his virtues and wear them when they can, borrowing from his courtly example much that makes the genuine gentleman. So much do we love him and honor him that we are disposed to resent any rude exaggeration of his lovely peculiarities by those who cannot appreciate him and who do not understand that the qualities which most distinguish him may adjust themselves in his sons and grandsons to changed conditions of life.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Depew's Broiled Lobster.

"I well remember my surprise one night at a banquet at Delmonico's. It was a gathering of Wall street men, and of course Depew was among the lot. He was the life of the party, and I noticed he ate very heartily, although I have frequently read that the best after dinner speakers eat next to nothing when about to speak. But our Chauncey put down a good dinner, and made his speech afterward in the best of form. At the conclusion of the banquet, and while people were crowding around him to congratulate him on his brilliant address, I noticed that a waiter entered and handed Mr. Depew a box, done up in a paper, and a minute afterward the same waiter brought in his overcoat, and after assisting Mr. Depew into it buttoned it up, tucked the box under the Depew arm and held the door open, while the man outside whistled for the carriage.

"I was mystified, but after seeing the same thing repeated at several dinners I asked for an explanation and got it. The bundle was a box, and it contained a broiled lobster, which Mr. Depew always took home to his wife. At all the places where he dined there was a standing order for a broiled lobster, to be given to Mr. Depew for Mrs. Depew. And no charge was ever made. After Mrs. Depew's death the lobster was broiled and presented at the door, as usual, but Mr. Depew motioned it away. He has never taken one home since then.—New York Herald.

Thomas at Lookout Mountain.

An anecdote concerning General George H. Thomas, the hero of Chickamauga, was related by the Rev. Russell H. Conwell. He told it to illustrate how the valor of obscure soldiers goes to swell the fame of the great generals. "I sat next General Thomas in a Tennessee train shortly after the battle on Lookout Mountain," declared Dr. Conwell, "when a crowd of soldiers on the platform began cheering for 'the hero of Lookout mountain.' 'Stop that confounded noise!' indignantly demanded Thomas of his adjutant. 'I don't know whether these men are in earnest and making a mistake, or whether they are guying me. The fact is, if I had had my way, the battle would not have been fought. When I heard of the proposed attack, it seemed exceedingly foolhardy, and I ordered the plan abandoned, but in spite of me, while I was protesting, the men had stormed and captured those battlements above the clouds!' "—Philadelphia Record.

Birds Are Mathematicians.

The English naturalist, Morris Gibbs, devoted years of study to birds' nests, their formation and their contents, and asserts that birds lay their eggs in accordance with geometrical lines, so that every inch of space is used to the greatest possible advantage. Birds which lay many eggs arrange them in circles, the pointed ends turned to the inside. Others, whose eggs are elliptically shaped, place them in longitudinal rows. If an egg is moved out of its original position by an intruder, it will be found on the following morning that the bird has returned it to its first position. Among the numerous and often difficult cases which Gibbs made a matter of study, not one was found which would not do credit to a mathematician.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

SOME OLD TIME GAMES.

Many of the Present Day Sports Were Borrowed From the Past.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as odd and even was also a favorite with the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British museum. There is also the game of drafts, which was played on a checkered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draftsmen and boxes made of rough pieces of clay, but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved iron headed draftsmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay, the arms and legs being jointed with string, and therefore movable. They had a favorite game called Chytriand, which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of today under the well known name of puss in the corner. In France the game is called quatre coins, or four corners. Both in the old game and in the modern version five players are required, one occupying each of the corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called pot; in France at the present day he is the nigaud, or simpleton, and by us is called puss.

To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favorite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very early ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use today.—Newcastle Chronicle.

Save the Forests.

Some years ago the government of Bavaria sent a skilled forester to study the conditions of timber growth in the United States. While here he made the remark, as if speaking of a matter generally known and accepted:

"In 50 years you will have to import your timber, and as you will probably prefer American kinds we shall begin to grow them, in order to be ready to send them to you at the proper time."

What an instance of scientific forethought, and withal what a warning!

Perhaps it is not yet too late to grow on our own lands the timber we shall need a generation or two hence, but if we are to do so it is time to take rigorous steps to stop reckless forest destruction and to encourage scientific cultivation.

While our government sells outright its forest lands for $2.50 an acre, France obtains almost exactly the same sum yearly from each acre of its forest land by sales of timber. We spend our capital; France makes an income, and safeguards its capital.

Palissy, the famous French potter, who was wise in other things as well as in porcelain, declared that the neglect of forests in his day was "not a mistake, but a calamity and a curse for France." That country has since learned the lesson. When will ours follow its example?—Youth's Companion.

Cotton Gins.

Some recent improvements in cotton gins are claimed to insure much greater economy and efficiency than have hitherto been attained, the difficulty being now overcome of obtaining the full length of the various staples on account of the machinery in use tearing the lint before the parting of the entire length of the fiber from the rollers. As now improved, the machine is so constructed as to allow all changes for meeting these various lengths in staples to be made without even having to stop the operator from his work, whereas the gin now in use not only necessitates the stopping of the machine, but requires a great amount of time in which to effect the change. Another improvement in this machine is an appliance in connection with the inner blade, consisting of a spring which allows it to give when the pressure of cotton passing through the roller is too severe, thus preventing the inner and outer blades from coming in contact with each other. The great wear of the roller is by this means saved. —New York Sun.

Mickey and Con.

A book minded scion of the Verdant Isle was seeking intellectual food at the public library and could not quite make up his mind as to the particular literary repast he wished to make. In his hesitation he wandered over to the case where the freshest volumes of the library's store are displayed for the stimulation of mental appetites. Here he saw a book whose title satisfied him that he had found just the thing he wanted. It was "Micah Clarke," by Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

Approaching the attendant, he said:

"Please gimme 'Mickey Clarke,' by Con Doyle, out of that cupboard."

He got the book, but the expression on his face when he came back with it 10 minutes later proved that he had mistaken the nationality of his hero.—Boston Herald.

Cheerfulness.

That cheerfulness can be cultivated is well illustrated by the story of a lady and gentleman who were in a timber yard, situated by a dirty, foul smelling river.

The lady said, "How good the pine boards smell!"

"Pine boards!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Just smell this foul river!"

"No, thank you," the lady replied. "I prefer to smell the pine boards."—Ram's Horn.

Stacked Against Him.

Traveler—Say, my friend, there's no meat in this sandwich.

Waitress—No?

Traveler—Hadn't you better give that pack another shuffle and let me draw again?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Life History of Corals.

The life history of corals is sufficiently remarkable in its sober facts. Like other animals, they produce eggs, from which free swimming young are hatched. But they have two other methods of propagation—namely, gemmation and fissiparity. Between animals and plants in general there is no distinction which makes itself more prominent and obtrusive than the free individual life of the one and the fixed colonial life of the other. By gemmation, the successive putting forth of buds, an industrious vegetable, starting with a seed of insignificant size, may build a massive structure, sometimes 400 feet in height, the resultant of individuals almost innumerable, belonging to hundreds or thousands of generations, all of them the living members of a single family, successively sacrificing their individuality to promote the common good and to share it.

This procedure in plant life is illustrated by an endless diversity of examples, great and small. Whatever exceptions there may be, this, to the ordinary observer, is the customary, the commonplace, the distinctive habit in the vegetable kingdom. Thus it came to pass that men did not believe their own eyes when they met with animals behaving in a way that seemed to be the patent right of vegetables. The isolated sea anemone was well understood, but creatures of precisely similar structure, which took to sprouting out of stems and branches, had to be incontinently handed over to the botanist.—Edinburgh Review.

In the Struggle For Life.

In tropical countries, where the struggle for life seems to rage even fiercer than in the temperate regions, a vast number of animals have been driven by want to seek their livelihood in the dark through stress of competition. There are the howler monkeys, for example, who make night hideous in large tracts of South American forest, beginning their dismal music as soon as evening sets in and only retiring for the day as dawn purples the horizon.

There are the lemurs of Madagascar, so called because, like ghosts, they walk by night and withdraw at cockcrow—strange, stealthy, noiseless creatures, with great, wistful, poetical eyes and enlarged pupils; monkeys that prey on birds and insects in the gloomy depths of their native forests. There is the slender loris, a graceful and beautiful beast, with eyes like a gazelle's, but treacherous manners, who pounces upon birds as they sleep in their little nests, creeping silently upon them from behind like an Indian upon the warpath, and affording no indication of his hateful presence till he is within arm's reach of his slumbering victim.

These are but a few of the nocturnal mammals of the monkey and lemur type, ancient ancestors of our own, gone wrong through keeping such very late hours, and now stranded for the most part in islands or peninsulas of extreme antiquity.—Cornhill Magazine.

Serious Side of French Dueling.

Ever since the day when Mark Twain gave the American world his famous picture of the French duel, Americans have laughed at it and classed it with so much that is mock heroic and harmlessly tragic in the French character. And yet the French duel is a very serious thing in France, and particularly in the capital. Every day in Paris there are two duels fought, and 20 per cent of these result fatally or with serious and permanent bodily injury. But these cases rarely attain publicity.

The duel is a serious thing in Paris for three reasons. First, because of the triviality of the causes of these encounters. Secondly, because they are countenanced and justified by the law. Thirdly, because, being upheld by social custom and the French sense of honor, men are forced to duel or face utter disgrace in their respective circles of society and even in their own families.—Providence Journal.

Several Shades of Green.

In Morrison, Ills., there lives a gentleman by the name of Green. It is now some 20 years since Mr. Green became the delighted father of an infant daughter. In a moment of gay facetiousness, inspired by his joy, he named the baby Olive. It was not many years before Mr. Green was once more a father. Again it was an infant daughter, and the subtle poison of that first christening having worked in his blood he named the second one Myrtle. A third time the joys of paternity became Mr. Green's, and a third infant daughter was added to his household. The father set his teeth grimly, got out the family Bible, and wrote in a firm hand, "Ivy Green." He furthermore assured his friends that if he should be presented with a son and heir he should look out for the youngster's future by naming him "Apple Green," for then no daughter of Eve could ever resist him.—Exchange.

A Tudor Gallant.

A gallant's toilet was no easy business, and a slow or clumsy servant, no doubt, got many an oath and blow if he failed to tie up the points of the hose, lace the doublet or arrange the stomacher and frilled shirt to his master's satisfaction. A gentleman's dress had so many fastenings, there was so much tying and lacing of his garments together, that it was impossible that he should ever get costumed (sic) without assistance. The long hose had to be securely tied by a number of latchets to the doublet; the doublet itself was laced up the front, and the sleeves, being slashed to show the shirtsleeves, had also to be laced sometimes.—"History of English Dress," Georgiana Hill.

A Source of Comparative Warmth.

Mrs. Hashcroft—Does the register heat your room, Mr. Billings?

Billings—It seems to when the sun is not shining.

"What on earth has the sun to do with it?"

"Why, when the sun shines into the room it warms up the air a bit, and then the draft from the register feels cold."—Indianapolis Journal.

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE.

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue Colors of France.

Some 70 or 80 years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession, when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade, which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain, and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color, but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposees en trois bandes egales, de maniere que le bleu soit attache a la garde du pavilion, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital.—All the Year Round.

The Greatness of Little Things Again.

Here is a good comic opera story: Marie Wainwright was speaking of her nervousness on the first night of a new production, and she said that an absurd contretemps nearly threw her off her balance during a first night. She continued: "Perhaps you remember that as Dame Hannah in 'Ruddigore' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I was supposed to threaten the wicked baronet's life. When my turn came round, the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on without my property, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it I was resolute. Of course there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and forcing something into my hand absolutely pushed me on to the stage. And what do you think it was?" asked Miss Wainwright, laughing at the reminiscence. "Of all things, it was a large gas key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience, but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith he most unkindly gave me away. 'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas key in its entirety to the audience. Of course there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."—New York Recorder.

A Cheerful Time.

A Sunday or two ago one of our popular dentists had quite a picnic in the exercise of his profession. A suffering citizen said to his wife as she started for church, "If you meet Dr. ——, send him over." She did happen to meet him, and the man of forceps was soon with the suffering citizen, whose courage fell to zero on seeing him. "Fact was he didn't think his wife would meet the doctor, and if the latter would accept payment for his trouble he would be glad to have him go away without torturing an unwilling victim." "Let's see the offender," said the dentist, and then, following up the advantage, he soon had five grinders where they would do no more aching. Suffering citizen was then a happy man, and desiring to also make happy a neighbor whom he knew was afraid of a dentist he inveigled Mr. P. into the dread presence, and after some coaxing out came 12 snags to make way for a set. Then the neighbor, in his great sense of relief, called in his wife, who yielded seven more to the harvest. By this time the man afraid of a dentist, who had had out 12, concluded it was just fun and sat down for a pull of three more. Then the docter was out of business and counted up 27 samples of jaw misery as the result of his friendly call. —Old Colony (Mass.) Memorial.

He Was "No Slouch" at Pool.

He was tall, lean and lanky, wore a peaked cap, had hayseed in his hair and resembled a typical farmer from the remotest part of up country. He was interested in watching a game of pool in a Smith street resort and was full of exclamations and comments as the game progressed. Then he was inveigled into a game with people who imagined that they had a dead cinch on him. The long arms and lank legs hung all over the table for a moment, and then the game was over. An expert was at once pitted against him for money, and the betting on the outside became even. But the expert, like the man who drove the hearse, was not in it when the countryman had finished playing. "Gosh all hemlock!" observed the up country individual, "I reckon I am kinder soft, but you kin bet your boots I'm no slouch when it comes to shovin pool balls." And then he pulled out a salt bag, deposited his winnings in the deepest corner and shuffled out, leaving the vanquished bettors to ruminate upon the perverseness of human judgment.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

DREAM'S PROMPTINGS.

There Is a Constant Flow of Unconscious Thought While We Sleep.

The physiologists of the first half of the century and some more modern writers expressed the belief that dreaming only occurred at the moment when consciousness began to resume its sway.

But in The North American Review, Dr. Louis Robinson says that modern investigators accept the theory of the metaphysicians and believe that there is a certain amount of cerebral action during the whole period of sleep, and that the vast majority of our dreams never come to our knowledge. He thinks that there is an unbroken current of ideas which passes through the sleeping brain, and which only reveals itself to the conscious ego when some disturbing element intervenes. "We may compare it to an invisible and silent river, flowing by without betraying its presence, save where there is a splash of a fish or of a falling stone, or some foaming eddy where a rock breaks the smooth surface."

Dr. Robinson's article is long and interesting. The conclusions at which he arrives are as follows: Owing to the unceasing unconscious cerebration which is a necessary concomitant of our power of intellect, the brain is always in part awake, and is especially active in shifting memorized matter. The cerebral centers connected with the sense organs are continually and independently employed in stimulating impressions from without. Certain of the senses, especially that of hearing, remain open to external influences during sleep and convey actual vibrations to the brain. There is an active and purely involuntary predisposition on the part of the mental apparatus to compare and collate all the messages which come, or seem to come, from without, through the sense channels, and to collate these again with what is brought to the consciousness by involuntary recollection. Associated with this is a tendency to combine the evidence so collected into a coherent whole, and to make the result of either explain the more emphatic thoughts or impressions, or else answer some questions which occupied the attention before sleep began. "No voluntary power exists during sleep to pick out from the jumble handed in that which is relevant to the problem to be solved, and just as there is no power to discriminate real from false impressions at the outset, so, throughout a dream, we are completely oblivious to the most glaring fallacies and inconsistencies."—Rochester Post-Express.

Had No Eyes, but He "Saw."

"I should like to have the key of the unoccupied house.—— Wharton street," requested a well dressed man as he entered the office of a down town real estate agent.

"Yes, sir," and the key was handed over. As the caller departed it was noticed that he kept prodding the floor with his cane as he walked. But his gait was almost as brisk and as straight as though he had no affliction whatever. This was remarked as he left the office.

He returned a half hour later with a step as quick as ever and with business in every motion. "I like the house," he said, as he handed over the key, "but there is considerable repairing to be done. The paint should be renewed. The front bedroom and dining room are sadly in need of repapering," and so he went on until he had enumerated a half dozen things that were necessary to be done.

It afterward transpired that he had acquired all his knowledge simply by the sense of touch. His examination had been as thorough as though he had had the use of two good eyes. It was really a remarkable performance.—Philadelphia Call.

Long Talks.

Parliamentarians and orators in general claim that no man could talk coherently on a single subject for more than six hours, yet hundreds of cases to the contrary could be cited. When De Cosmos defended the settlers' land bill in the lower house of the British Columbian parliament, he talked continually for 26 hours. The act confiscating the property of De Cosmos' constituents had to be passed by noon of a certain day; De Cosmos was the only defender. He took the floor at 9:55 o'clock the day previous to the date when the law would become a dead letter and kept it until 12:05 the following day. It is said that his tongue and lips were cracked in hundreds of places and his shirt front covered with blood. A speech 11 hours longer than the British Columbian's famous argument was delivered in the Roumanian chamber of deputies in 1887. It was on the occasion of the impeachment of ex-Minister Bratiano, the leading deputy supporting the articles of impeachment talking continuously for 37 hours.—Exchange.

Abandonment of Cronstadt.

The harbor of Cronstadt in Russia is to be closed to merchant vessels after 1895, and a new harbor will be opened along a maritime canal just below St. Petersburg. This harbor will be 22 feet deep, cost 1,000,000 rubles, and be the central point for the unloading of coal and the loading of grain and other articles of export. The department of public works is also considering the advisability of constructing a tunnel under the Neva like that under the Thames in London, but built in four stories. This abandonment of Cronstadt is of especial interest, for it was Peter the Great who established and indeed created it for the port of St. Petersburg.—Springfield Republican.

Science of Divine Providence.

Not a great while ago a learned ignoramus delivered a sermon on "The Science of Divine Providence." "Sir," said a genuine student, at the close, "will you not favor us with a lecture on 'The Faith of Geometry?'"—Christian Advocate.

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Div 26—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 153 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 523 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 227 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hizman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Ladin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 258 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 528 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Heusteger, Med Ex. Meet 1-t and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 432 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1088 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 359 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilly. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 168 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 129 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Grisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Shirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3540 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heilmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 44—C R

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Pyle's Pearline, per package..... 2½ cents
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New Tomato Catsup, per bottle..... 6 cents
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New Orange Peel, per lb..... 9 cents
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3-lb box Best Laundry Starch..... 10 cents
New California Dried Peaches, per lb..... 6 cents
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9-lb pails Dairy Butterine for..... $1.09
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2-lb cans New Sweet Sugar Corn, per can..... 16 cents
2-lb cans New Lima Beans, per can..... 6 cents

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The heaviest drill-lined Fireman's Rubber Coats made, all sizes, never sold for less than $5.00 each, this sale..... $1.49
Full size Rubber Camp Blankets or Lap Robes, regular retail price $1.25, this sale..... 59 cents
Ladies' Silver Gray Hood Gossamers or Rain Cloaks, only..... 39 cents
Men's Heavy Drill-Lined Rubber Leggins, extra length, with waistband and straps, never sold for less than $1.25, this sale..... 39 cents
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Men's Leather Coats, heavy red flannel linings, corduroy collar, double-breasted lap-over front, patent buttons, catalogued at $5.75, this sale... $2.79
Men's Leather Coats, fancy plaid linings, double breasted, slightly soiled, otherwise as good as new, this sale..... $1.69
Men's Rerversible Leather Coats, lined with 10-oz brown duck, and can be worn either side out, only..... $1.95
"Duck Brand" Officers' Slickers or Oil Coats, in black or yellow, list price $2.25, for..... 99 cents
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Also Brass-Mounted Iron Bedsteads, full size, worth $10.00, only..... $3.48
Hardwood Dressers, large mirrors, worth $9.00, only..... $2.98
6½-lb Pillows good feathers, per pair..... 49 cents
Full size Woven-Wire Springs, value $1.75, only..... 99 cents

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	Per pound.
Quarter Apples	7 cents
Fancy Evaporated Apples	15 cents
APRICOTS.	
Sun dried Apricots	9 cents
Evaporated Unpitted Apricots	12 cents
Fancy Golden Evap. Apricots	19 cents
PEARS.	
Quartered California Pears	7 cents
Fancy Evaporated Pears	12 cents
BLACKBERRIES.	
Evaporated Crop 1893	9 cents
PEACHES.	
Eastern Half Peaches	8 cents
California Evaporated	12 cents
Fanciest Evaporated	23 cents
PITTED PLUMS.	
Crop 1893, California	15 cents
PITTED CHERRIES.	
Crop 1893, Fancy	19 cents
RASPBERRIES.	
Evaporated Fancy Raspberries	25 cents
PRUNES.	
Turkish, Crop 1893	6 cents
Largest Fancy California, 40 prunes to the lb	9 cents
Fancy Imported French, 40 prunes to the lb	19 cents
CURRANTS.	
New English Currants	3 cents
Vostizza New Currants	5 cents
Fancy Cleaned Currants	9 cents
LAYER FIGS.	
New Crop Fancy Figs	12 cents
PEEL.	
Lemon Peel	12 cents
Orange Peel	14 cents
New Leghorn Citron	15 cents
RAISINS.	
1 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	1½ cents
2 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	3½ cents
3 Crown Cal. L. M. Raisins	4½ cents
Dehesia Layer Raisins	9 cents
½ boxes London Layer Table Raisins	29 cents
20-lb boxes California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	89 cents
Fancy Dehesia Raisins, Russian Clusters, 22 lbs in box	$1.69
Fanciest Imported Sultanas, lb	19 cents

Butterine.

Just Plain Butterine, per pail..... $1.19
Reliable Dairy Butterine, per pail.. 1.25
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FRUIT—	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb cans Baltimore Pie Peaches	8c	$ .95
3-lb cans K. & M. Yellow Del. Peaches	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Nanticoke Yellow Peaches	10c	1.18
3-lb cans Bonanza California Yellow Table Peaches	11c	1.32
3-lb cans no label California Yellow Peaches	12c	1.44
3-lb cans West Coast California Yellow Peaches	13c	1.50
3-lb cans Gold Spike California Yellow Peaches	14c	1.60
3-lb cans Pasadena Crawford California Peaches	18c	2.10
3-lb cans Madrona Lemon Cling Cal. Peaches	15c	1.75
3-lb cans California Pears	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sunset Cal. Pears	15c	1.65
3-lb cans Sonoma California Apricots	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Sevanto Cal. Apricots	16c	1.85
3-lb cans Cal. Muscat Grapes	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Bonanza Cal. Egg Plums	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Pacific California Green Gages	12½c	1.50
3-lb cans Cal. White Cherries	25c	2.50
2-lb cans Plymouth Rock Sliced Pineapples	15c	1.60
2-lb cans Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapples	13c	1.50
2-lb cans Union Abaco Grated Pineapples	14c	1.50
2-lb cans Union Sliced Pineapples	12½	1.40
2-lb cans Red Cherries	10c	1.20
5-lb cans Gooseberries	10c	1.10
Gallon cans New York Apples	27c	3.15
VEGETABLES—		
2-lb cans Charm Sugar Corn	6c	$ .69
2-lb cans Mansfield Sweet Corn	6½c	.75
2-lb cans Potter's N. Y. Corn	7c	.84
2- lb cans Paxton Sweet Corn	8c	.95
2-lb cans Baby Sugar Corn (This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.)	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1.08
3-lb cans Premium Extra Tomatoes	10c	1.18
Solid Meat Gallon Tomatoes	30c	3.30
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas	8c	.95
2-lb cans early June Sweet Peas	9c	1.00
2-lb cans Best Sifted Early June Peas	12½c	1.40
2-lb cans Tom Extra Sifted Early June Peas	17c	2.00
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	6c	.70
2-lb cans Oxford Lima Beans	10c	1.10
2-lb cans Turin Lima Beans	6c	.70
3-lb cans Boston Baked Beans	10c	1.10
3-lb cans Pie Pumpkin	7c	.75
2-lb cans Extra Succotash	10c	1.20
3-lb cans Best Asparagus	17c	1.90
MILK, FISH, ETC.—		
Tip Top Condensed Milk	9c	$1.00
Valley Brand Milk	12c	1.40
Monroe Condensed Milk	11c	1.30
St. Charles Cream	15c	1.70
Gail Borden's Eagle Milk	16c	1.80
1-lb cans Columbia River Salmon	9c	1.08
1-lb cans B. & M. Lobsters	21c	2.30
1-lb cans Mackerel	10c	1.18
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams	12½	1.40
1-lb cans Little Neck Clams	17c	2.00
½ Sardines in Oil	4c	.48
½ Mustard Sardines	8c	.95
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. January Term A. D. 1894. Cora Wilson vs. Samuel Wilson. In Chancery. Gen. No. 155,479. Affidavit of non-residence of Samuel Wilson, defendant in the above entitled cause named, having been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, notice is hereby given to the said Samuel Wilson that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of February A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D. GRIFFIN, Clerk.
James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

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